

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

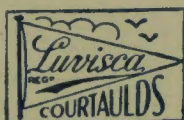


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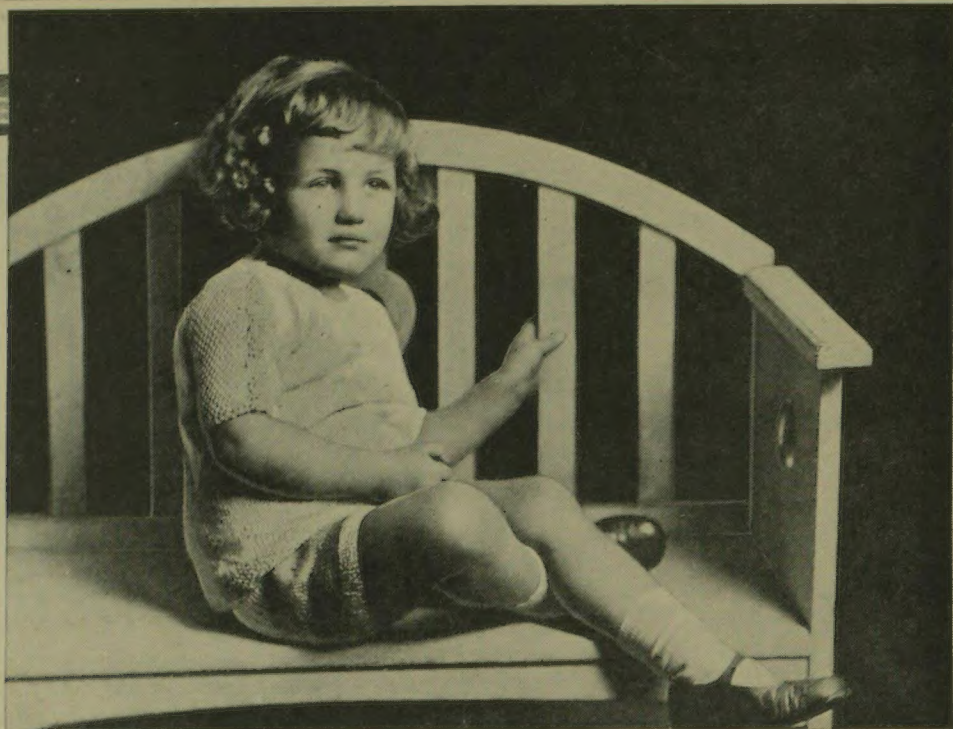
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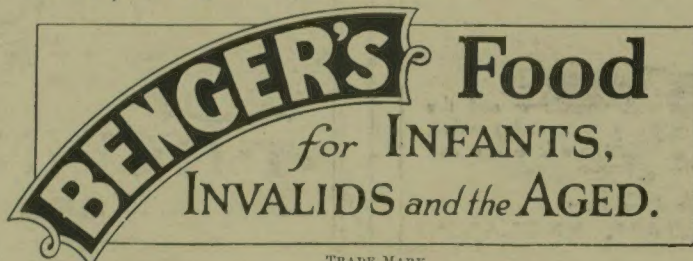
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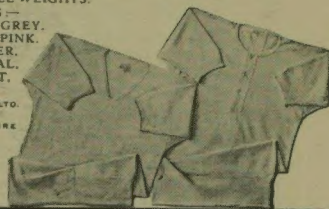
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1930.

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THE REVOLUTION IN ARGENTINA: THE SCENE IN THE PLAZA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES, WHILE GENERAL JOSÉ F. URIBURU WAS BEING SWORN-IN AS PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT.

The forced fall of the Irigoyen Government in Argentina, and its replacement by a provisional "Junta" with General Uriburu, K.B.E., at the head of it, has been described as a "peaceful revolution," although, in all, some score of persons lost their lives and more were injured. The new régime has received the recognition of the British, French, German, and United States Governments.

In his manifesto, General Uriburu claims that, while the provisional Government will respect the Constitution, it intends to put an end to the "inertia, administrative corruption, anarchy, economic waste, and international discredit" which, it is thought, disfigured the term of office of the late President. Further photographs will be found on another page.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE elusive, enormous, and nameless thing, with which I have so long wrestled, as with a slippery leviathan, in such places as this, suddenly heaved in sight the other day and took on a sort of formless form. I am always getting these brief glimpses of the monster, though they seldom last long enough for me to make head or tail of it. In this case it appeared in a short letter to the *Daily Express*, which ran, word for word, as follows—

In reply to your article, "What Youth Wants in Church," I assert that it does not want sadness, ceremony, or humbug. Youth wants to know only about the present and future, not about what happened 2000 years ago. If the churches forsake these things, young people will flock to them.

The syntax is a little shaky, and the writer does not mean that the young people will flock to the things that happened 2000 years ago if only the churches will desert them. He does actually mean (what is much more extraordinary) that the young people will flock to the churches merely because the churches have forsaken all the original objects of their existence. Every feature of every church, from a cross on a spire to an old hymn-book left in a pew, refers more or less to certain things that happened about 2000 years ago. If we do not want to be reminded of those things, the natural inference is that we do not want any of the buildings built to remind us of them. So far from flocking to them, we shall naturally desire to get away from them; or still more to clear them away. But I cannot understand why something which is unpopular because of what it means should become frightfully popular because it no longer means anything. A War Memorial is a memorial of the war, and I can imagine that those who merely hate the memory might merely hate the memorial. But what would be the sense of saying that, if only all the names of the dead were scraped off the War Memorials, huge pilgrimages would be made from all the ends of the earth to visit and venerate the absence of names on a memorial of nothing?

Most of us would not devote our short summer holiday to visiting the ruin of what had once been the record of something that we did not want to think about. Nor would most people, indifferent to the Christian origin of Christian churches, waste their time in churches merely because they had ceased to be Christian. There are plenty of other places in which to spend our holidays, and plenty of other resorts to which young people can flock, without flocking to hollow shrines stripped of all traces of their history or their object. He would be a bold spirit who should hope to lure the duchess back from the Lido, or the typist from the seaside sun-cure, by offering to show them a chapel of no particular date, with no particular design, in which a total stranger had promised not to mention something

that happened 2000 years ago. *Somehow I do not think there would be a flock of duchesses, or even typists, at the doors of that weirdly negative edifice. And this marks the first of the fallacies which beset this rather fashionable style of protest or proposal. Even supposing it were true that theology is unpopular, it does not follow that the absence of theology is popular. This need no more be true of the absence of theology than of the absence of conchology or bacteriology, or anything else. I may not want to hear a bore talking about bimetalism, but it does not follow that I want to go for a walking tour with the bore when he promises not to mention bimetalism. I may not wish to listen to the lecture on "Genetics and Genesis" at the Co-educational Congress at Gum Springs, Ill., but neither do I want to go to the Co-educational Congress at Gum Springs, or anywhere else, even if there is to be no lecture on

its cause, and go off looking for another cause, in the hope of becoming the result of something else. It is as if the Union Jack were wandering about the world trying to mean the dragon standard of the Sacred Emperor of China, or the Blue Peter were bending all its efforts to become a flag of truce with the significance of the White Flag.

One explanation is that such people, who commonly call themselves progressive, are in the most stodgy sense conservative. They cannot bear to alter any concrete fact, but only the idea behind it. They cannot actually abolish the Union Jack or the White Flag, but only all that they stand for. So they see in front of them a solid block of brick called a church. They accept that; they cannot conceive a real revolt against that; they are even ready

to throw themselves into all sorts of schemes for making this mere brick building fashionable, so that people shall "flock" to it. It commands their strange loyalty in its own strange way merely by being there. It is a solid fact; something must be done with it; and therefore something must be done for it. In pure reason, it is about as reasonable as saying that since we have a Post Office we had better turn it into a swimming-bath, or that the successful establishment of a tennis court necessitates our using it as a turnip field. But the practical man does not trouble about pure reason; he can confront, with an unsmiling visage, what is in reality pure unreason. For pure reason involves some degree of imagination, and not only creative but also destructive imagination. The thinker must not only be able to think things, but to unthink them; he must be imaginative enough to unimagine anything.

Now this sort of conservative cannot unthink anything that is perceptible to his senses. He can only unthink the theory on which it depends, because it is only a theory. He cannot unimagine the big brick church in front of him, as it actually bulks in the landscape. He cannot imagine the landscape without the church; he can only imagine the church without the religion, or the religion without the reason. In the world of ideas he can alter anything, however fundamental, as if it were something fanciful. But he cannot be fanciful about a fact like a brick building; that is a solid object, and must be made a solid success. People must be induced to "flock" to it, even if it has to be turned into an aquarium or an aerodrome. In one sense, to do him justice, this melancholy materialist is the most disinterested of men. The mystic is one who will serve something invisible for his own reasons. The materialist is one who will serve anything visible for no reason. But there are a good many of him, and, even if he has not begun to flock very much into the churches of the present and future, he does already flock a good deal in the correspondence columns of the newspapers.



THE REVOLUTION IN ARGENTINA: GENERAL URIBURU (NEAREST CAMERA) DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES AFTER HIS SUCCESSFUL COUP.

General José F. Uriburu is fifty-three. He was educated at the Military School at Buenos Aires; and at one time he commanded the 8th Cavalry Regiment. Later he served in Germany, working with the German Army for three years. When the Prince of Wales visited Argentina in 1925, General Uriburu, then Inspector-General of the Army, commanded the military review held in the Prince's honour. He was afterwards made a K.B.E. He is here seen with his aide, Colonel Molina.

"Genetics and Genesis." And surely those who are so innocently confident of the attraction of merely negative religion might realise that a broad-minded parson can be as much of a bore about nothing as anybody can be about anything.

But there is another, more subtle, more sunken and fundamental queerness about this way of looking at things. As I have said before, it is only occasionally that we get a real glimpse of its strange outline, as we get it for a moment in this letter. The minds of these people work backwards, from effect to cause, and not from cause to effect. The cause of the Church, the cause which produced it, the cause for which it stands, is regarded as something bad, something that ought to be abolished. In that case, one would naturally infer that the Church ought to be abolished. But this type of thinker does not begin with the cause; he begins with the result, and then turns on the cause and rends it, as if the cause were a disfigurement that had been added afterwards to the result. He suggests that the result must destroy

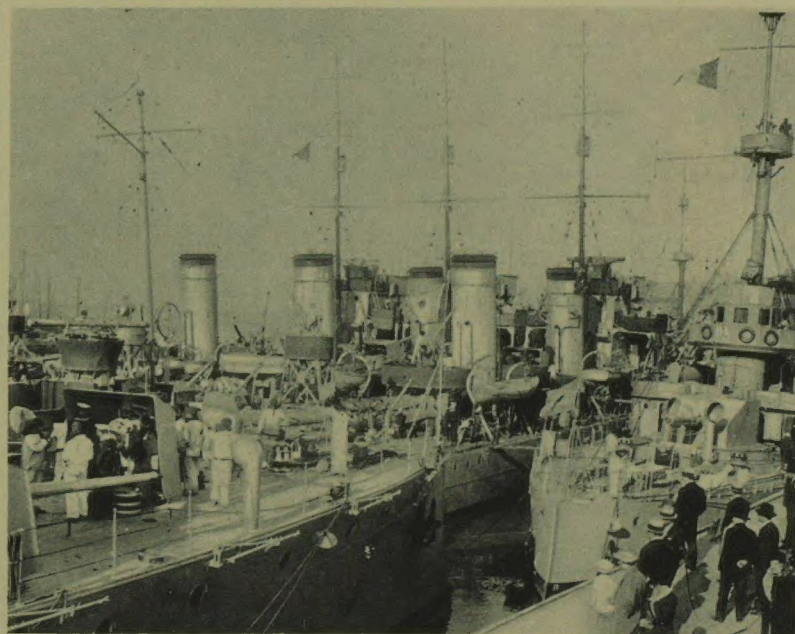
THE DEPOSITION OF THE PRESIDENT IN ARGENTINA: BUENOS AIRES SCENES.



THE CHARRED REMAINS OF PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN'S FURNITURE, WHICH WAS DESTROYED IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE BY THE CROWD: ONE OF THE FEW CENTRES OF VIOLENT ACTION IN BUENOS AIRES DURING THE REVOLUTION.



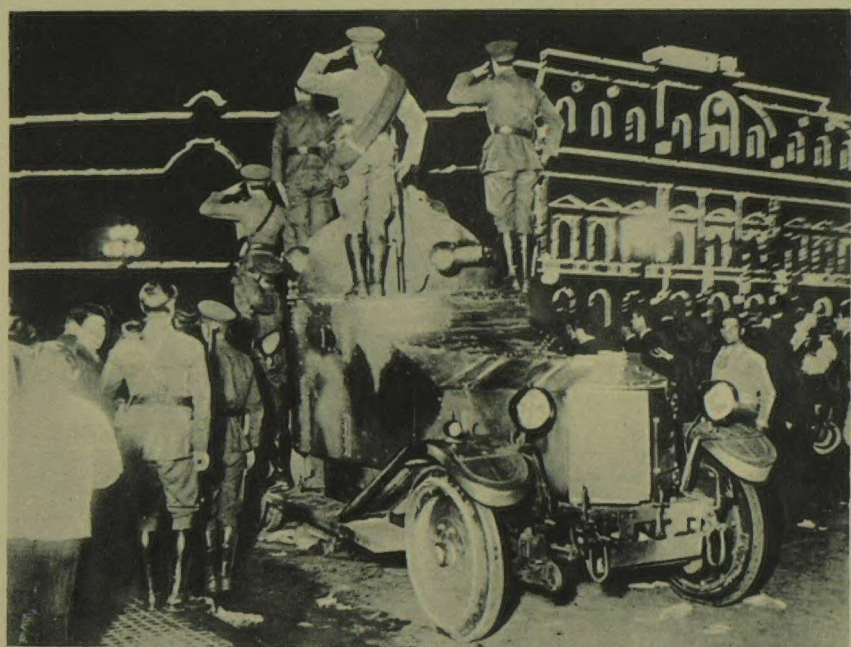
A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE REVOLUTION, IN WHICH THE ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE, AND MILITARY COLLEGE STUDENTS PLAYED THE PROMINENT PART: EXCITED INHABITANTS CLUSTERING ROUND A DETACHMENT ENTERING THE CITY.



FORCES OF A NAVY THAT INFLUENCED PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN'S ABDICATION BY ITS KNOWN SYMPATHY WITH THE REVOLUTIONARIES: DESTROYERS MOORED IN HARBOUR ON THE LA PLATA RIVER.



GENERAL URIBURU (IN CENTRE, WITH BLACK MOUSTACHE, TO LEFT OF LOUD-SPEAKERS), WITH OTHER MINISTERS, ON THE BALCONY OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE: A SCENE DURING THE TAKING OF THE OATH BY THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.



SOLDIERS SALUTE AS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM IS PLAYED, BEFORE ILLUMINATED PUBLIC BUILDINGS: A DRAMATIC NIGHT SCENE DURING THE REVOLUTION, "SET" ROUND AN ARMoured CAR.

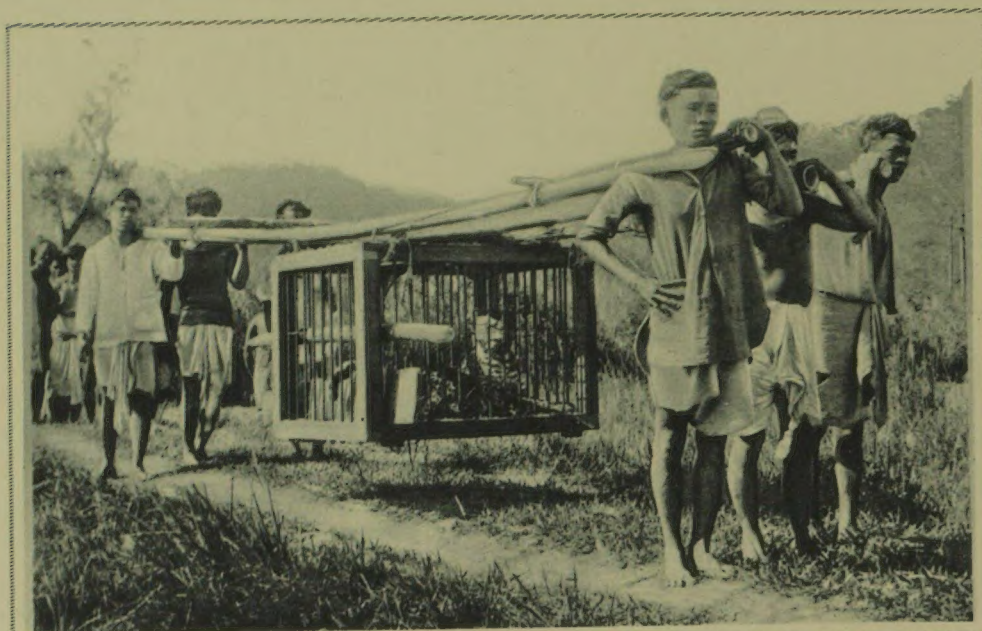


"MECHANISED" REVOLUTIONARIES IN A VERY UP-TO-DATE REVOLUTION: TROOPS GOING TO THE OCCUPATION OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN A MOTOR-LORRY, ACCOMPANIED BY EXCITED CROWDS.

Our readers will remember that we have already illustrated various features of the revolutionary situation in Argentina, picturing some of the centres of life in Buenos Aires and participants in the events which led to the end of President Irigoyen's régime. Here we reproduce a series of photographs which give a graphic idea of the important part played by the military, and of the intense feeling shown by the civil population at the change of government. The revolution

was soon followed by a return to normal at Buenos Aires, and, indeed, the easy success of the provisional Junta has been called the "peaceful revolution." The Argentine Embassy in London recently issued a statement that the recent events in Argentina would in no way affect the British Industries Exhibition which is to be held next March in Buenos Aires, and which it is hoped the Prince of Wales will be able to attend.

AN EXPEDITION THAT SECURED THE FIRST SOUND.



A RESTIVE PRISONER THAT EVENTUALLY SETTLED DOWN TO HIS REGULAR MEALS:
THE LARGEST LEOPARD CAPTURED (OVER 7½ FT. LONG) BORNE IN HIS "PALANQUIN."



"NOT A BAD SPOT TO BE WHEN TIGERS ARE ABOUT AND LARGE TREES ARE SCARCE":
AN 18-FOOT TRIPOD THAT PROVED USEFUL IN GETTING SOME UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



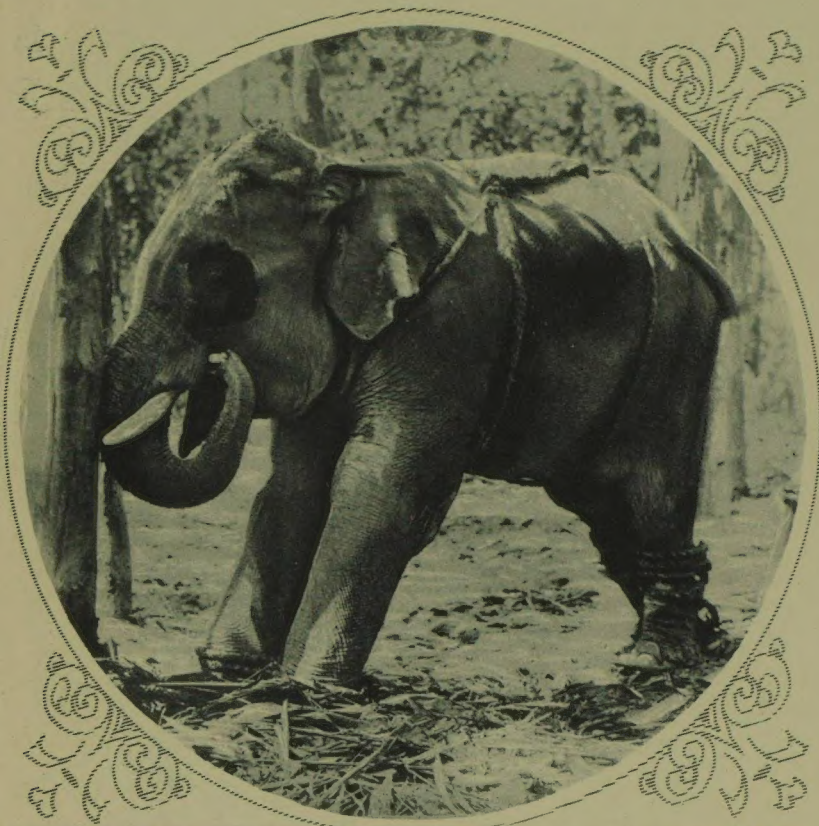
"DURING THE HOT WEATHER, TIGERS SPEND HOURS IN THE WATER":
A LORD OF THE JUNGLE KEEPING COOL DURING A HEAT WAVE.



"TO GET THIS BIG FELLOW OUT OF THE UNDERBRUSH WAS ONE OF
THE HARDEST TASKS OF THE EXPEDITION": A TIGER IN THE JUNGLE.

The subject of big-game photography is of special interest just now since a recent announcement that the Duke of Gloucester, after attending the Abyssinian Coronation, is to go on a hunting trip, and will take with him a cinematograph camera with which he hopes to secure pictures of some rarer forms of game. The above photographs were taken in India by Commander George M. Dyott, the well-known explorer, who recently returned after spending six months in the jungle. It may be recalled that in 1928 he led an expedition into Central Brazil, and there verified the fate of Colonel P. H. Fawcett, who, with his son and a friend, Mr. R. V. Rimell, had mysteriously disappeared three years before, while seeking a lost city. Commander Dyott's search expedition was illustrated in our issue of April 20, 1929. His expedition in India, here illustrated, was notable for the fact that in the course of it were taken the first sound-films of tigers occupied in their ordinary pursuits in their native wild. He left New York last September, and, on reaching his destination, worked his way through the

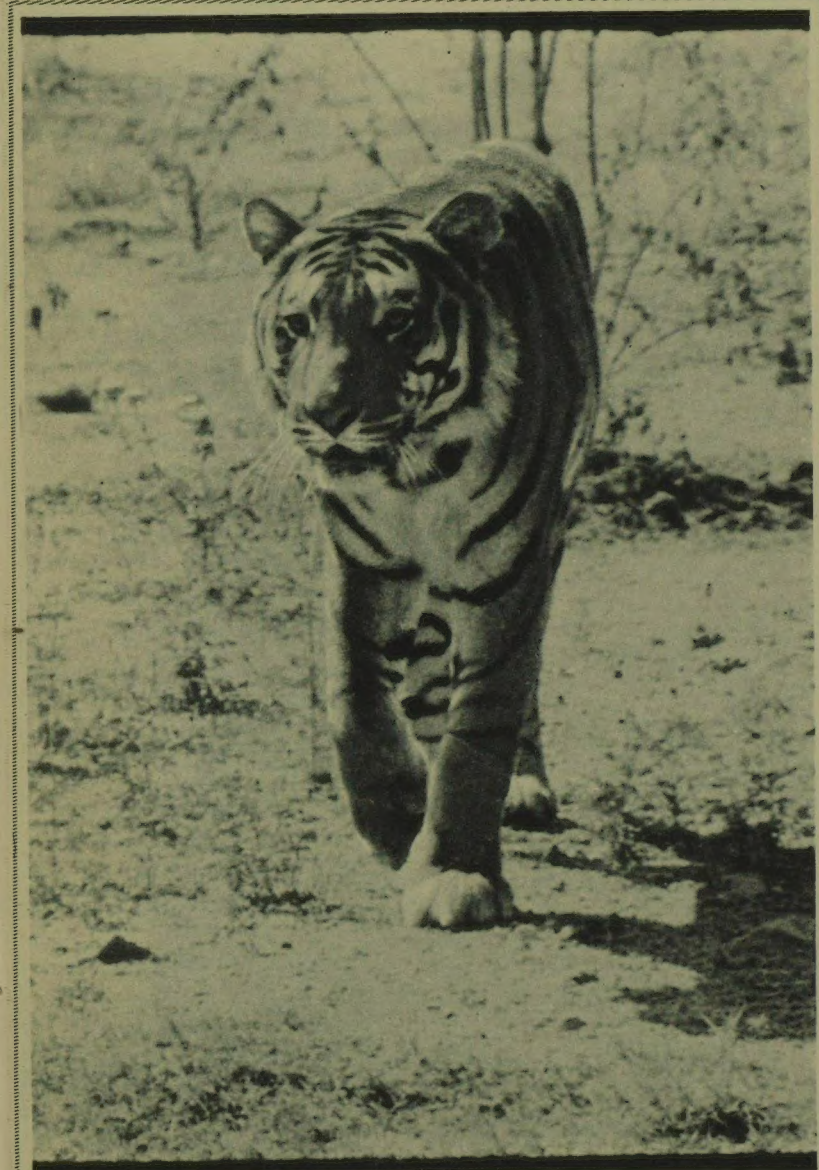
FILMS OF TIGERS: JUNGLE PHOTOGRAPHY IN INDIA.



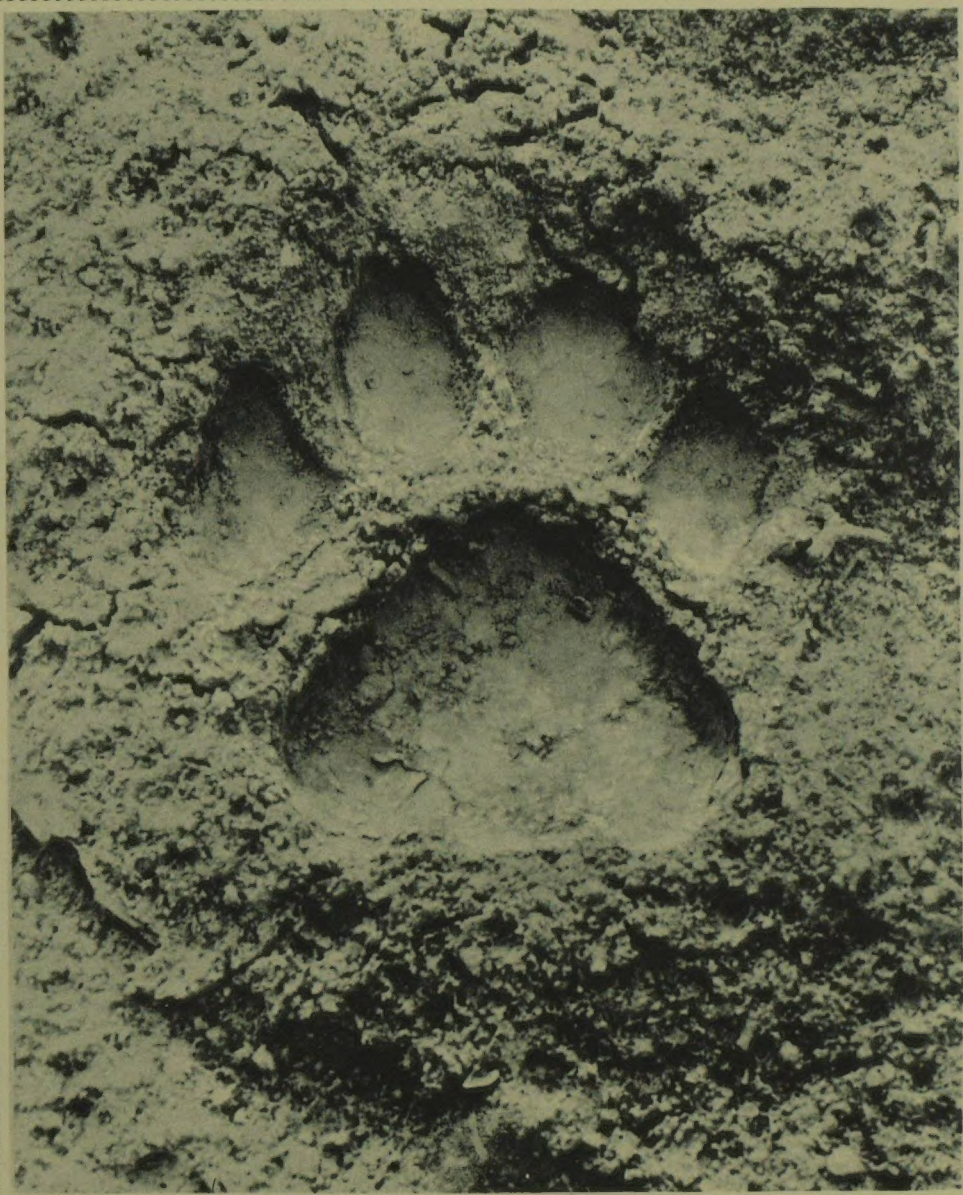
UNDERGOING HIS FIRST TRAINING: A CAPTURED WILD ELEPHANT SECURELY TIED TO ACCUSTOM HIM TO BEING TOUCHED.



"ANDU, THE CHIEF TRACKER OF THE EXPEDITION, AND OTHER NATIVES INSPECTING THE LEOPARD-TRAP IN WHICH SEVERAL SPECIMENS WERE CAUGHT."



THE CAT-LIKE TREAD OF A "GREAT CAT": A TIGER COMES OUT INTO THE OPEN WITH STEALTHY STEP AND WALKS PAST THE CAMERA.



A STRONG "CLUE" TO THE PRESENCE OF "MASTER STRIPES": A TIGER'S FOOTPRINT LEFT BY ONE THAT PASSED CLOSE TO THE EXPEDITION'S CAMP AT NIGHT.

jungles of south Central India, from Hyderabad, and also spent some time in Assam, in the north-east of India, among the foot-hills of the Himalayas. It was strictly a "camera" hunting expedition, the best proof being that Commander Dyott shot only one animal during the whole trip. That was a tiger which had killed sixty bullocks in a year, and was the terror of the neighbouring village. The photographers of the party were Mr. James McInnis and Mr. W. K. Hawk. By studying the habits of tigers, they were able to place their apparatus so that they obtained close-up sound-pictures of the lords of the jungle killing and eating their prey. A note on the photograph of a captured wild elephant says: "He is seen undergoing his first course in training. He was securely tied while people walked round him touching him with their hands. After two days he became accustomed to strangers and quite tame." Of the trapped leopard we read: "At first an unwilling captive, he finally settled down to his new surroundings when he found his meals came regularly and without effort."

QUEUES IN SOVIET RUSSIA STILL MORE PREVALENT.



WAITING FOR A CONSIGNMENT OF GOLOSHES:
A QUEUE AT A RUBBER TRUST DISTRIBUTION
SHOP IN LENINGRAD.



ONE OF THE PACKING-CASES FULL OF GOLOSHES
BEING LIFTED INTO THE SHOP THROUGH THE
EXPECTANT QUEUE.



A SHOPPING QUEUE IN HUNTER'S ROW, ONE OF THE
PRINCIPAL FOOD MARKETS OF MOSCOW.



EARLY-MORNING SHOPPERS IN MOSCOW: A GATHERING
OF WOMEN IN A QUEUE ON THE PAVEMENT.



PART OF THE "GOLOSHES" QUEUE IN LENINGRAD
MARSHALLED INTO LINE BY SOVIET POLICE,
TO PREVENT OBSTRUCTION.



AFTER THE SUPPLY OF GOLOSHES HAD ALL BEEN
DISPOSED OF: THE SAME SHOP AS IT APPEARED
NEXT DAY—EMPTY.



CLEANING MOSCOW STREETS WITH A
HOSE-PIPE, THE METHOD IN RUSSIA:
SHOWING A QUEUE (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



A LOUD-SPEAKER IN LENINGRAD WORKING
ALL DAY, WITH EXTRACTS FROM RUSSIAN
OPERA, AND PROPAGANDA.

TYPICAL SHOPPING SCENES IN MOSCOW AND LENINGRAD.



THE TIME FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOLOSHES
APPROACHES, AND A REGULAR QUEUE IS FORMED
TO THE SHOP DOOR.



THE DAILY QUEUE FOR RAILWAY TICKETS OUTSIDE
THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE DUMA USED TO SIT:
THE SCENE AT 7.30 A.M.



PRIVATE TRADING IN THE STREETS OF MOSCOW:
A "MILK-MARKET"—CUSTOMERS AND PASSERS-BY.



PRIVATE TRADING IN THE STREETS OF MOSCOW: A TYPICAL
SCENE AT A ROADSIDE PROVISION STALL.

Modern Russia—to the average Britisher—is a land of mystery, and everyone is curious to know how life is carried on under existing conditions. Here are some authentic pictorial glimpses. These very interesting photographs of street scenes in Moscow and Leningrad were taken by Lord Pentland during a recent visit to Russia. Most of them illustrate the continued prevalence of food and clothing queues. A few weeks ago it was reported (in the "Times") that several hundreds of "professional queue-standers" had been rounded up by the OGPU in Moscow. They were found to have formed "queue facilitation fraternities" for material assistance in obtaining provisions, discovering where commodities would be available, circulating the information, and organising a queue service on a commission

basis. Describing the first five photographs, Lord Pentland writes: "A consignment of goloshes is expected to arrive at the shop, and (as seen in No. 1) many hours before the shop opens people are waiting at the entrance. (2) Later, policemen arrive and bully the crowd into line and try to prevent them from obstructing the pavement. (3) The time for the arrival of the goloshes approaches, and a regular queue to the shop door is formed. (4) One of the packing-cases full of goloshes is shown being lifted into the shop. (5) This photograph shows the same shop next day—the consignment has been finished and the shop is empty." In No. 8 the new modern building of the General Post Office in Moscow is seen in the left background, and a queue in the right background.

RUSSIA'S ONLY FORM OF FREE TRADING: AN OPEN-AIR MARKET IN LENINGRAD.



BARGAINING OVER AN OLD PAIR OF TROUSERS, PRICED AT THE NOMINAL EQUIVALENT OF £5: A SCENE IN THE TOLKUSHKA, OR PUBLIC MARKET, AT LENINGRAD.



THE MOST PATHETIC SCENE IN THE TOLKUSHKA (MARKET) AT LENINGRAD: WOMEN OF THE OLD BOURGEOISIE OFFERING FOR SALE THEIR LAST HOUSEHOLD POSSESSIONS.



ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME MARKET: CUSTOMERS PAUSING OVER SOME SOCKS PRICED AT 7s. A PAIR FOR CHEAP COTTON QUALITY, AND 14s. FOR "HALF-SILK."



WITH TARPULINS USED TO KEEP OFF THE WORST OF THE RAIN: THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT IN AN OPEN-AIR MARKET AT LENINGRAD.



PRODUCTS OF DOMESTIC INDUSTRY DISPLAYED IN THE MARKET: TWO RUSSIAN GIRLS SELLING HOME-WORKED PETTICOATS AT LENINGRAD.

"In Russia, as in the East," writes Lord Pentland, who took these photographs, like those on the opposite page, "the market has always occupied an important place in the life of the people. But under the Bolshevik régime, whereby supplies have been nationalised, and shops are owned and prices fixed by the State, the position of the market is unique. Here alone can such goods as exist be freely exchanged and bargained for, and here alone does price give some true indication of value. For a pair of old trousers, the equivalent of £5 is asked. Many commodities—shoes and soap, for instance—are practically unobtainable in Government

stores, and they can only be bought of inferior quality and at fantastic prices in the market. The photographs reproduced above were taken in one of the Leningrad markets, the Tolkushka (derived from the Russian for 'crowd' or 'jostling'), which I visited in a torrent of rain. Perhaps the most pathetic scene was a row of women, remnants of the old bourgeoisie, who had brought their last household possessions to the market. I spoke to one and she answered me in English. On her tray was a mixed collection of her treasures—ornaments, an icon or two, an oil lamp, a few plates, and an ancient razor and shaving brush."

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS THROUGH HALF A CENTURY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON": By ANONYMOUS.*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

BY the Waters of Babylon" is a book which does not differ greatly from other volumes of reminiscences, except in the fact that its author is anonymous. And though the veil of anonymity is never lifted, it is sometimes twitched; those who know who bought the *Outlook* from Lord Iveagh in 1916, and who was Member of Parliament for Hastings in 1918, will be able to fathom the mystery.

The author's reason for suppressing his name is not very clear. Some years ago he published another book, "The Pomp of Power," under similar conditions of anonymity; he tells us that he wanted it to be judged on its merits, without the favour or prejudice that might accrue from his name. And this may have been his motive now. Certainly, unlike certain memoir-writers, he can have little to fear from the many people whose names he mentions in his pages, for he deals with most of them kindly enough.

He was born in Canada in 1875, his father being of Scottish extraction. From his earliest days he was in constant touch with politicians; nothing in his book is more interesting than his casual references to and considered judgments upon them. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the first important political figure to appear on his horizon, did not arouse his enthusiasm. "I never found anything convincing in his speeches," he says. "But he seemed to me to allow himself to be absolutely natural one night at the theatre, when Sarah Bernhardt, as La Dame aux Camélias, made him weep copiously." "In the Boer War he was opposed to sending Canadian troops to aid Great Britain"; and in the Great War he split his party rather than agree to helping England. "Wilfrid Laurier," he decides, "may have been a great Canadian; he was undoubtedly a much greater French Canadian." And this dictum leads him to a consideration of Quebec—Quebec which "is, in certain aspects, reminiscent of a French province under the old Bourbon monarchy. It is conservative to the last degree. It has even been called reactionary, partly because it does not allow women to vote, or to practise law, or to possess other privileges now generally accorded them elsewhere. The inhabitants would cordially agree with the famous Lord Falkland's saying that when it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change. They cling to the French language, but, despite their speech and their customs, they are, in sentiment, no more French than English." French Canadians, he thinks, only like England for what they can get out of it.

The author first visited England in 1897—"to see the capital of the Empire in what was destined to be its last carefree display of splendour before the self-satisfied opulence of the Victorian era disappeared for ever to make way for darker, and ever darker, days." Here he soon met many prominent people—Harmsworth, who scribbled notes on his pillow-case during the night and had a statuette of Napoleon on his writing-desk; and Edmund Gosse, who, in argument with Charles Whibley, "always gave me the impression of a pinned butterfly trying to escape."

In 1908 his travels took him to Belgrade. Not long before, the Serbs had murdered their King and Queen. "They were never able to understand why this caused England to sever diplomatic relations. To them it was incomprehensible that any foreign nation should resent their assassinating their own Sovereigns; even if they did it by chasing them from room to room in the middle of the night and throwing their bodies out of the window." The author's charity stops short at the Serbs. He visited Belgrade twenty years later, and found it "as rough and uncomfortable as ever, while the inhabitants were no less aggressive than of yore."

The reminiscences are roughly divided into groups and follow a chronological sequence: Early Years; In London and Paris before the War; London in Wartime; Wartime Journeys; After the War, etc.; but the author's method is essentially discursive, and when an appetising red-herring is drawn across the trail of memory, he has no hesitation in following it. A landmark that stands firm

in the flux, however, was his purchase of the *Outlook*, which he owned till 1919. The *Outlook* gave him a platform and the power of making his opinions felt; Sir Henry Wilson declared that when he "lost his billet at the front" an article in the *Outlook* helped him to find another post. It also enlarged an already large circle of acquaintance. Among the contributors was W. H. Mallock, author of the most sensational book of its decade, but, "when I knew him, a somewhat fierce-looking, old, and embittered man," who had survived his popularity and was "living, almost squalidly, in a couple of untidy rooms."

The author is, as I have said, on the whole, charitable in his judgments of his contemporaries, and ready to

Mr. Lloyd George sought to rid himself of Lord Haig, although, says the author, "he never actively hampered Haig. He even went against his own judgment and feelings more than once in supplying Robertson with the men for whom he was continually asking in order to send them to the holocaust in France."

These are controversial questions, as is also the author's verdict upon Lord Morley: "He was consumed by his desire to become Prime Minister; and it was not his treatment of Harcourt alone which showed that he would allow neither friendship nor anything else to stand in his way. Probably the most that can be said in his favour was that he deceived himself and really believed (although no one else did) that his natural endowments fitted him more for a political than a literary sphere."

He makes some interesting comments on the condition of American public opinion prior to America's entry into the war. The sinking of the *Lusitania*, he infers, had only a temporary effect; three months after that disaster he went to America, and the indignation it excited had already, "to a large extent, evaporated." Nor does he think that President Wilson employed the interval by trying to convert American public opinion to sympathy with the Allies; for "he sought (and obtained) re-election in 1916 on the very plea that he had kept the country out of the War." As regards the attitude of Spain, he endorses King Alfonso's well-known *mot*: "In Madrid only *la canaille* and myself are in favour of the Allies." The mass of the people did not want to be drawn into the struggle; the Spanish General Staff admired the German army; and the attitude of the Church (he declares) reflected "that of the Vatican, which, under Benedict XV., sympathised with those whom it considered to be the champions of established authority against the inroads of democracy."

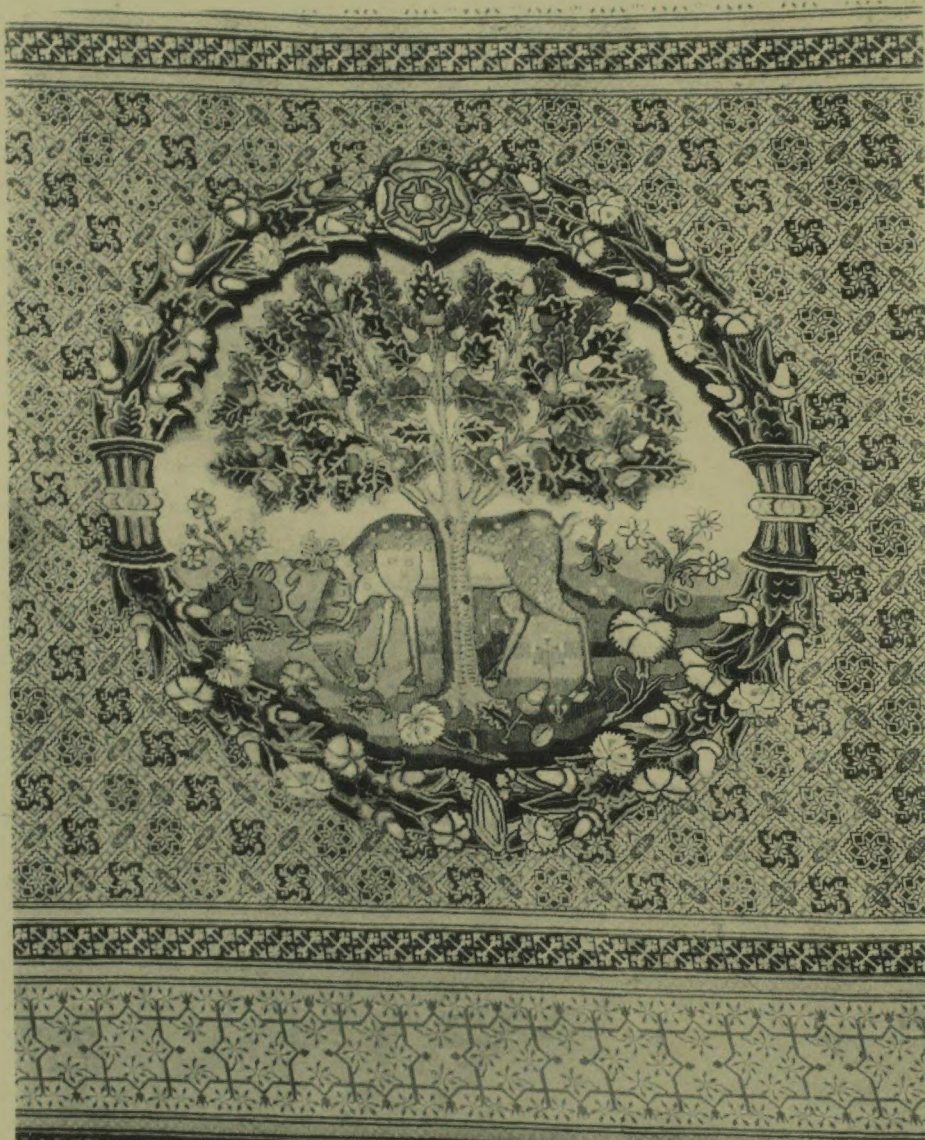
In 1918 the author became a Member of Parliament, and afterwards sold the *Outlook*. He did not, however, feel at home in the House of Commons. He found the building dismal and the food bad. "But what I found much harder to digest than the dinners were the speeches. . . . Indeed, it was the ignorance displayed by many whose duty it was to instruct the House which struck me most forcibly. To spend one's afternoons and evenings listening to such mediocre performances was a heavy penalty." When he wanted to hear the art of oratory, the author used to betake himself to "another place" and listen to Lord Birkenhead, Lord Parmoor, and Lord Buckmaster. Of these, as speakers, he puts Lord Birkenhead easily first: "the perfect diction, the felicity of expression, the lucid cogency of his argument, together with a certain stately aloofness, which veers at will to a strain of withering sarcasm, all combine to make him a great orator." In passing, he discusses the merits of certain American orators. He puts the late Mr. Bourke Cockran much above Bryan, who had fluency, a good voice, and a large vocabulary, but whose arguments were "fallacious and unconvincing."

The author's loyalty to his friends is a very pleasant feature of his book. He devotes an entire chapter to Sir Henry Wilson and defends him against criticisms made on him by Sir Andrew MacPhail in the *Quarterly Review*. In the course of these criticisms it appears that some reflections were cast on Sir

Henry's behaviour at the fatal moment when the assassins were threatening him as he stood on his doorstep. This part of the book will doubtless commend itself very strongly to all those who revere Sir Henry Wilson's memory. They will feel a debt of gratitude to the author for taking up the cudgels on his behalf, as well as for using his special knowledge to refute various other charges which have been made against him.

After politics and persons, foreign affairs have been the author's principal preoccupation, and dispersed through his book one comes across many references to this department of the statesman's art, some of them exceedingly controversial: e.g., "I have little sympathy with the idea of a Great Poland. It is a fancy for which I believe Europe will yet pay dearly." Whether one agrees with him or not, it is clear that on questions such as these "Anonymous" writes with insight and authority; and his opinions, always plainly stated, are invariably interesting and first-hand.

L. P. H.



NEEDLEWORK OF GREAT PRICE: PART OF ONE OF TWO PANELS RECENTLY SOLD IN LONDON FOR £5000.

Two very rare and beautiful panels of what is probably Elizabethan needlework in "petit-point" were sold at Messrs. Hurcomb's on September 26, for £5000. Messrs. Durlacher were the purchasers. Our photograph shows a section of one of the panels. It is described as having for the centre medallion a decorated coat of arms, and, for side medallions, stags in landscapes beneath oak trees, enclosed by borders of flowers, oak leaves and acorns, on a trellis ground with geometrical patterns, and the exterior borders of panelled foliage. The whole panel measures 18 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. The other panel, which also has its centre decorated with a coat of arms, measures 16 ft. by 7 ft. It is stated that one panel was begun by Margaret Beaufort (1443-1509), mother of Henry VII., and finished by Court ladies in the sixteenth century. The other panel was worked a few years later to commemorate the marriage of Oliver St. John, Earl of Bolingbroke, with Elizabeth Paulet. History tells of a visit of King James I. to Bletso Castle to inspect these famous panels. The panels had been lent for some years by Lord St. John of Bletso to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

give praise where he thinks praise is due. He considers Mr. Winston Churchill's "The World Crisis" the best book in English, French, or German about the war. "Mr. Churchill alone has been able to write a detailed narrative, in which the fact that he manfully, and sometimes almost pugnaciously, takes his own part has not been allowed to interfere either with the perfect continuity or with the picturesqueness of his tale." And he quotes von Jagow as saying that Mr. Churchill's book was worth all the others put together. He lingers delightedly over the conversational powers of Mr. Charles Masterman, who resembled "Dr. Johnson not only in his fondness for conversation, but also in his laziness, his marked disinclination for steady and continuous work, and even in the untidiness, sometimes approaching slovenliness, of his appearance." He pays a high tribute to Masterman's character and particularly to his political loyalty.

Of Mr. Lloyd George he is more critical. There are some interesting passages relating the steps by which

* "By the Waters of Babylon." By Anonymous. (Hutchinson and Co.; 21s. net.)

TOWN HALL, WAR OFFICE, CLUB, AND ARMOURY!
THE TRIBAL COUNCIL-HOUSE IN NEW GUINEA.

COMMUNAL COUNCIL-HOUSES OF NEW GUINEA:
WITH HUMAN SKULLS DISPLAYED IN NICHES.



A HEAD PREPARED
FOR EXHIBITION:
A NATIVE WORK OF
ART IN COLOURED
RIVER MUD.

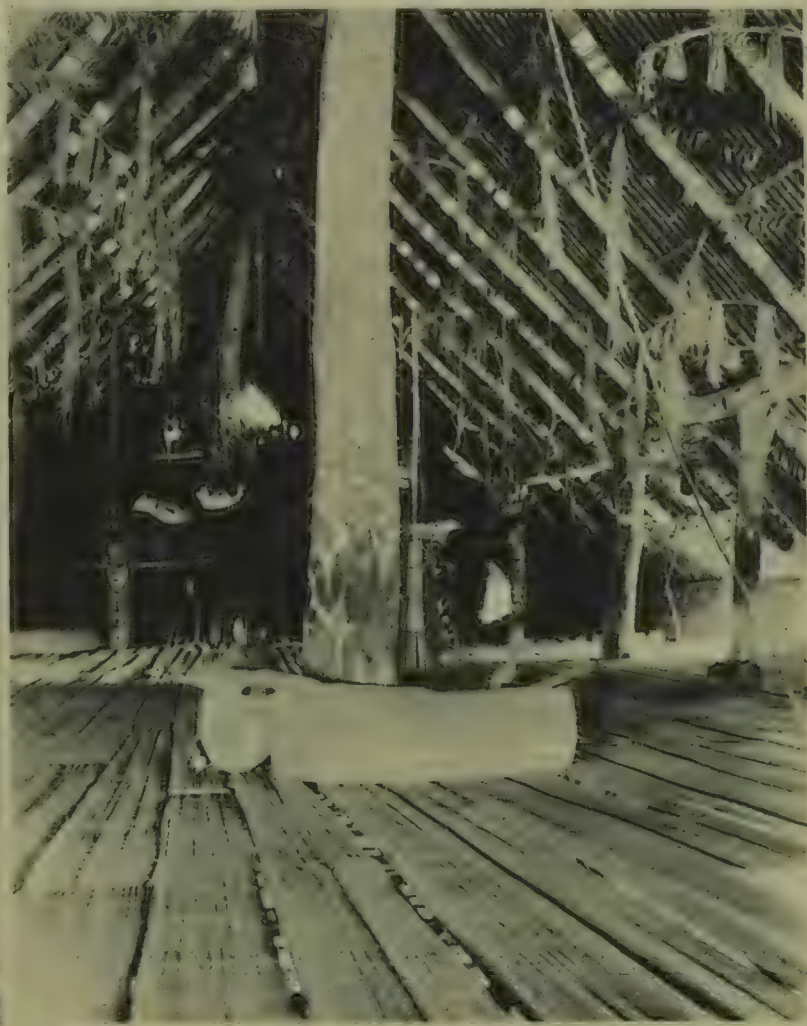
A NEW GUINEA,
BUILDING WHICH
IS AT ONCE
COUNCIL-
CHAMBER,
ARMOURY,
TEMPLE, AND
STORE-HOUSE:
THE "COUNCIL-
HOUSE" OF A
MAGEM RIVER
TRIBE,
DECORATED
WITH COLOURED
MUD AND
VEGETABLE
DYES.



A GROTESQUE HUMAN FIGURE ADORNING THE HIGH GABLE OF THE
COUNCIL-HOUSE OF A MAGEM RIVER TRIBE: A VIGOROUS PIECE OF
DECORATION IN VEGETABLE DYES AND COLOURED MUDS, AT AMBAT.



A TRIBAL COUNCIL-HOUSE ON THE UPPER SEPIK RIVER: THE SKULLS OF
VANQUISHED ENEMIES EXHIBITED IN SLITS IN THE GABLE AS SUITABLE
ORNAMENTS FOR SO IMPORTANT AN EDIFICE.



THE UPPER STOREY OF A COUNCIL-HOUSE OF A MAGEM RIVER TRIBE:
A SACRED APARTMENT WHICH NO WOMAN IS ALLOWED TO ENTER ON
PAIN OF DEATH.

The correspondent who sends us these photographs writes: "The tribal, communal, or council-houses of New Guinea are the hub around which native village life revolves. There the tribesmen gather in idle moments; there are held the periodic tribal dances and ceremonies; and there councils of war, receptions of strangers, and other business of general interest to the tribe are conducted. There, also, are stored all articles of common ownership—war canoes, tribal fetishes and totems, dancing-masks, signal-drums, and often more grisly relics, in the form of human skulls and heads of vanquished enemies, which are usually displayed in small holes, or windows, constructed for the purpose. The council-house is always the most ornate building in the village, and the utmost skill the villagers

possess is expended on its erection. The houses differ greatly in design—from the primitive structures of the Upper Sepik, consisting simply of a few poles driven into the ground, with a covering of thatch, to the exceedingly decorative edifices of the Magem River tribes. The structures are two-storeyed, the lower storey being the tribal store-house, which is open to access, and the upper the ceremonial tribal chamber, more closely guarded against trespass by strangers or women—the latter being punished by death if they are found inside. The ridge-poles and rafters are decorated with symbolical paintings, executed with vegetable dyes and with coloured mud from the river. Light is admitted to the upper storey through holes in the eaves."



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



THE MYSTIC CURRENT.—THE SPELL OF "STREET SCENE."

EVERY now and again the theatre witnesses a strange happening. Like a bolt from the blue, an actor or an actress whelms an audience into the amazement of admiration, and becomes famous in one night, as the saying goes. Sometimes it is an artist of long standing; sometimes it is a comparative newcomer, one who has passed unnoticed in small

of an undisturbed river, impressed us as pleasing, yet slightly monotonous in its lack of cadence. From the first we were perhaps prepossessed, but not particularly moved. At times we would feel inclined to whip on her speech to more intensity, to greater undulation. In an *entr'acte*, a colleague of no mean judgment said: "She spoils the part by her one-note delivery."

He had spoken too soon. As the play approached climax, as the little girl, torn between sorrow at the loss of her mother—murdered by her stoic father in a fit of mad jealousy—and the sad outlook of her loneliness, for which the devotion of her boy-lover could be but barren solace, gave way to her woe, the monotony of her voice became entrancing. We fathomed the depth of her grief; we saw the bleak, endless outlook of her lone future. There was no need for cries and wails. We felt that, under the crushing blows of life, the soul, as it were, was benumbed. There might be room for silent tears, but none for vociferation. Her sorrow came from within. Her absorbing intelligence made her every quiet, refined word sound true. She achieved the highest aim of an emotional

It is good news that "Street Scene," Mr. Elmer Rice's fine play of the lower depth of New York, has blossomed into a great financial success, and thereby justified the high expectations of its sponsors.



"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE: EDWARD BARRETT CRUSHES HIS LIVELY DAUGHTER, HENRIETTA (MARJORIE MARS; LYING ON THE GROUND), WHO IS CONSOLED BY ELIZABETH (GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES).

parts, who makes the unexpected conquest, not merely in an ephemeral flash in the pan, but for good and all. Thus the phenomenal rise of Miss Tallulah Bankhead from a *figurante* in "The Dancers" to undisputed leadership; thus Mr. Charles Laughton; thus Miss Diana Wynyard. Thus, a few days ago, Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore in "Street Scene." Often the experienced critic, asked to explain the phenomenon, would be at a loss to give a satisfactory answer, and would wrap up his want of arguments in the word "personality." For, while joining in the laudations, he is aware that the "rising sun" is by no means artistically perfect; would, in fact, in comparison with other seasoned, experienced, talented actors, prove inferior in detail, especially in technique. Yet there it is—the current is overwhelming; the public is spellbound; there is something in these people which is irresistible and makes for general unison of admiration. They seem to possess the secret of vibrating the responsiveness of the individual hearer in a common chord of harmonious approval. And so intense is this effect that it does not evaporate after sudden triumph, but speeds from lip to lip and creates an avid desire to watch progress and to maintain them on their pinnacles. Not even a subsequent failure will dispel the fascination. Did not one of these sudden favourites fail to come up to expectations in a world-famed part? Did her very apparent shortcomings lessen her fame or her following? On the contrary, people found ready excuses for the mishap; they said, as it were: "*Reculer pour mieux sauter*." And the next venture doubled their enthusiasm. Forgotten was the check in the glamour of the new and successful effort.

These reflections occupied my mind when, at the Globe, Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore, in the part of the youthful American girl in love and in sorrow, faced by the crudity of male advance and glorying in the day-dreams of ethereal happiness, nestled herself gradually into the affections of her audience. Her personality was attractive, but not one of remarkable beauty; her voice, flowing evenly as the surface

actress—she made us feel what she felt; she filled us with sympathy and pity. Her art, so well conceived, triumphed over the minds of the hundreds in front of her. Hence universal acclamation. Hence the recognition that Miss O'Brien-Moore is



"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET": ELIZABETH MOULTON-BARRETT, THE POET AND ONE-TIME HOPELESS INVALID, WITH HER SUPERBLY CONFIDENT AND MANLY LOVER, ROBERT BROWNING—GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES AND SCOTT SUNDERLAND.

one of the elect—one who, carried away by the current of her restrained emotions, carries us along too and engulfs us in the mystic waves of one deep communion of feeling.



CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS EDWARD MOULTON-BARRETT IN "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET": THE IRON VICTORIAN FATHER GOES TO THE WINDOW TO COMMUNE WITH HIS MERCILESS INNER SENSE OF "RIGHTEOUSNESS."

Messrs. Leon M. Lion and Maurice Browne. On the first Saturday (so the management reports) the receipts exceeded the highest figures at the Globe. That is all the better news since, in spite of the approval of the first-night audience, there were many, among them experienced critics, who predicted full pits and galleries, but lean stalls and dress circles. This foreboding was based on the slogan that there are three kinds of plays which London audiences look askance at—plays dealing with finance; plays dealing with the world behind the stage, such as "Samson and Delilah" and "A Bolt from the Blue"; and plays depicting life below stairs, such as the wonderful negro drama "Porgy," which was the rage of New York and survived but a few weeks in London.

Now, why is "Street Scene" the happy exception? No one can exactly tell, for, as somebody remarked: "It is not a play in the ordinary sense of the word, and it plays in surroundings of which the pleasure-seeking playgoer does not like to think." One reason, of course, is the acting, which is, on the whole, superb. But, then, so was the performance and production of "Porgy," and yet it failed. Again an argument in favour is that, although the scene is New York, the actors express themselves not in the local vernacular, but, barring some expressions foreign to our ears, in every man's English. But all this would not warrant a vogue. The root cause lies deeper. It lies, firstly, in the subtle amalgam of humour and sentiment, never descending to sentimentality. It lies in the unfolding of events which, albeit located in New York, are characteristic of any great city. Not a hundred yards from Shaftesbury Avenue there is a slummy street where, in front of tenement houses, a stretch of imagination could conjure up the drama as well as the comedy of "Street Scene." *Au fond* the proletariat is everywhere the same. Gossip fringes passion; crime may be found behind the same walls as humour; in one room a child may be born, in the next

[Continued on page 591.]

WHERE THE DUKE "PLAYED IN": THE "MECCA" OF GOLF FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, R.A.F. (RET.), F.R.P.S.



A MAGNIFICENT AIR VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS, HEADQUARTERS OF THE GOLFING WORLD, WHERE THE DUKE OF YORK RECENTLY MADE A FINE FIRST DRIVE AS CAPTAIN OF THE "ROYAL AND ANCIENT."

Our readers will remember that we have reproduced from time to time aerial photographs by Captain Buckham—including a particularly fine one (in a recent issue) of aircraft in a storm—an exhibit from the London Salon of Photography. Above is another striking example—an air view of St. Andrews and its famous golf course, where the Duke of York played himself in as Captain of the Royal

and Ancient Club on September 24. His drive was one of the finest which has ever been struck by any holder of the distinguished office—a shot just under the 200 yards' mark. The photograph reproduced above should be of unusual interest to all golfers, giving, as it does, a view of the famous course from an entirely new and unusual angle.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT often happens that, in any casual gathering of people, one person stands out among them as the centre of interest and the pivot of their conversation. It is the same, I find, with books. I collect a group for review, judging from their titles that they are likely to present points of contact making for coherence and continuity. I take them up in turn and look through them. Nearly always one particular book arrests my attention; I become immersed in it, and am apt to give it a disproportionate amount of my available time. That is what has occurred on this occasion, and the outstanding work is "MAKERS OF MODERN EUROPE." Portraits and Personal Impressions and Recollections. By Count Carlo Sforza. Former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Illustrated (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 21s.).

Before reading his book I knew little of Count Sforza's work and career. His name, of course—a name of ancient renown in Italian history—was vaguely familiar as one of the leading statesmen of his country, especially since the war. Now, having read his book, I realise that his is one of the acutest political minds of our time, that he has wielded much influence in international affairs, and that all he may say or do or write is worthy of respectful consideration. I am led to these conclusions by the astonishing variety of experience, both of persons and of places, that his book reveals; the self-evident shrewdness of judgment on actions and events; and the large-minded sympathy which enables him to combine tolerance and understanding even with the most candid criticism. This quality is especially noticeable in his chapters on Mussolini, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Lloyd George. The candour perhaps rather outweighs the tolerance in those on D'Annunzio, Signor Facta, and the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Throughout his book the author evinces a strong dislike for inhuman rigidity of etiquette and snobbery in high places. To all his character-sketches of men with whom during so many years he worked behind the scenes of the international stage, he imparts an intimately personal touch.

In a work by an Italian statesman it might naturally be expected that Italian subjects would predominate. It is typical of Count Sforza's cosmopolitan outlook, however, that out of thirty-six biographical chapters only ten are devoted to his own countrymen. These deal respectively with Generals Cadorna and Diaz; the two Popes of the war (Pius X. and Benedict XV.); Giolitti, Bissolati, and Sonnino; D'Annunzio, Facta, and Mussolini, and "Pius XI., or the Roman Church and Fascism." Among non-Italian personages, those evoking the author's warmest admiration are the King and Queen of the Belgians; also Marshal Foch, whom he rates far higher than Napoleon both as man and patriot, deprecating popular comparisons between them. The other foreign subjects have a wide range, from the ill-fated Archdukes Rudolph and Franz Ferdinand of Austria to Pachich of Serbia, Venizelos of Greece, and Stambulisky of Bulgaria; Poincaré, Millerand, and Briand of France; Vandervelde of Belgium; Krassin, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin of Russia; Mustapha Kemal of Turkey; Pilsudski of Poland; and Yuan Shi-Kai and Sun Yat-sen of China. In connection with these last, Count Sforza recalls that he witnessed the Chinese Revolution of 1911-12, and was "the last representative of a Great Power" to present his credentials to the Imperial Court at Peking.

While only five chapters are allotted to British statesmen, including (besides the two already mentioned) the late Lord Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Austen Chamberlain, Count Sforza shows, incidentally, a knowledge of many others, past and present, and a penetrating insight into British politics and mentality. The following passage, for example, is interesting as a foreign view of one phase in our public affairs. "Liberalism was so triumphant in England, during the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, that it had almost lost its *raison d'être* as a Party. Under any label, all English-thinking politicians are Liberals, from Baldwin to MacDonald. And if this constitutes, after all, the highest victory for a Party, it means also its decadence in the practical field of political life. But once acknowledge that Lloyd George is as deeply Liberal as a Baldwin or a Grey, we must admit that few people are as distant from the remnants of Liberal Party characteristics as he is. Such characteristics can be found to-day in a very few men: in Lord Grey, for instance, and in some political writers like Gilbert Murray or like Spender, the late editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. Highly cultured they were, or are, knowing by heart their Horace and their Virgil, having, in a word, a touch of superior mentality

which made of them a group of aristocrats, in the sense in which Gladstone, who always refused a title, was an aristocrat."

Count Sforza's passing allusion to Queen Victoria (in a passage on constitutional monarchy) as having "wasted probably thousands of hours of her Ministers' time by her attempts to get back a power that had slipped her hold," serves to introduce a book in which some of those efforts are exhibited in considerable detail—namely, "SIDELIGHTS ON QUEEN VICTORIA." By the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby. Illustrated (Macmillan; 21s.). A typical instance occurred in 1881, when her Majesty objected to a passage (about Afghanistan) in the Queen's Speech drafted by Mr. Gladstone, and only submitted to her a few days before the Opening of Parliament. Without going into details, one gathers her frame of mind from the following passage in a letter addressed to the author's father, her Private Secretary: "The Queen has never before been treated with such want of respect and consideration in the forty-three and a-half years she has worn her thorny crown, and there are no longer men like Lord Halifax, who would stand by her as he did in '59 when Lord Norfolk and Lord Palmerston behaved so shamefully about their Italian policy, and Lord Halifax helped us out of it. But to tell the Queen nothing—Lord Hartington knowing the Queen's views—and to put this into the Speech when she expected nothing of the kind

These illuminating "side-lights" that Sir Frederick Ponsonby has selected from his father's private correspondence shine not only on the Queen herself, but on many people of her time. They include two vivacious accounts of the visits of foreign royalties: that of the Grand Duke Vladimir in 1871, and that of the Shah of Persia in 1873, seen through the eyes of hard-worked Court officials told off to look after the eminent guests. Describing the atmosphere of the period as revealed in these letters, Sir Frederick writes: "Dinners, skirts, and sermons were long, and shrift for social transgression very short. Comfort and a carriage and pair were the outward and visible sign of progress. . . . Taxes were light, drinking was heavy. The only new things were the Crystal Palace and the crinoline. And at the apex of this placid pyramidal England sat, supremely royal in her seclusion, Queen Victoria. In such a world, the political waters were so unruffled that a small ripple was often mistaken for a storm. The question of who should fire a gun, as the first chapter of this book will relate, or ride a pony, as the second chapter will tell, were matters of tremendous import that caused endless perturbation in the Royal Household, and even in the Cabinet."

It is interesting to compare Count Sforza's somewhat caustic criticism of the present Pope's policy, especially in regard to the Lateran treaties, with a book that is more concerned to record events than to discuss opinions and motives—"THE BIOGRAPHY OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI." By W. and L. Townsend. Illustrated (Marriott; 10s. 6d.). The Pope's career, from humble beginnings to the highest position in the Roman Church, and his personal character, are of great interest apart from any question of creed. In his earlier days, of course, he was a noted mountaineer, and among the peaks he has climbed are Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, and the Matterhorn. The present authors describe him as "the most human Pontiff that has ever sat upon Peter's Chair." Their book is put forward as "an unbiased biography written without any grinding of personal religious axes, or prejudiced by active participation in the rites of any definite Church."

With the last-named work may appropriately be bracketed "THE POWER AND SECRET OF THE JESUITS." By René Fülöp-Miller. Translated by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. With over 140 Illustrations (Putnam; 21s.). The author expressly points out that he has drawn his material from controversial sources, rather than dry-as-dust historical records. "The present volume, therefore," he writes, "does not profess to be the contribution of a professional historian to the history of the Jesuit Order, so much as a picture of those human passions and dreams, achievements and failures, which have decided our modern culture." As such, the result is highly commendable.

Preference for the vivid and the personal has also been a guiding principle with the author of "FRANCE." A Short History of its Politics, Literature, and Art from Earliest Times to the Present. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Illustrated (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). The author describes his book as a "brief biography of France," and adds: "I have said little of economic or social movements, and have allotted what space I could to the men to whom we owe the most definite expression of what seem to me typical French traits and qualities in art, in literature, in the conduct and the appreciation of life." With this book may be associated an interesting little volume on French history up to the time of the Renaissance, called "OLD FRANCE." An Historic Background of the France of To-day. By J. G. Coulter. With 128 Illustrations and Map (Putnam; 3.50 dols.). History tempers a modern itinerary in an attractively illustrated book entitled "TRAVELS IN NORMANDY." By Roy Elston (Bell; 7s. 6d.), very readable and obviously a labour of love.

In conclusion, three other books may be briefly mentioned as having affinities with one or other of the foregoing. "AMPHION," or The Nineteenth Century. Written and Illustrated by Dudley Harbron (Dent; 6s.), is a study of British architects and British architecture of the period, often in an ironically critical vein. Entertaining social sketches go to make a sprightly volume called "—AND THE GREEKS." By Charles Graves. With an Introduction by P. G. Wodehouse and Caricatures by Jan Stanislas de Junosza-Rosciszewski (Bles; 7s. 6d.). Disjointed comments on various matters, political and social, here and in India, fill the pages of "HOW ABOUT EUROPE." Some Footnotes on East and West. By Norman Douglas (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). It might be described as tabloid satire, rather highly spiced.—C. E. B.



SIMILAR TO A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SCALE MODEL (WITHOUT MASTS AND RIGGING) ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 2: A MODEL OF A BATTLE-SHIP OF THE STUART PERIOD, WHEN PEPYS WAS AT THE ADMIRALTY, SEEN FROM THE PORT SIDE, PROBABLY EMBODYING MUCH OF HER ORIGINAL SPARS AND RIGGING, AND NOW IN THE VIENNA TECHNICAL MUSEUM.

If not actually a replica of the "St. Albans," this scale model of an English ship built during Pepys's last period at the Admiralty is still of exceptional interest. Pepys was thrown out of his post at the Admiralty in 1679 on a suspicion of Papacy; and the Navy went to pieces as a result. He was recalled in 1684, and this ship is probably part of the shipbuilding programme which he then carried through.—[Photograph by Courtesy of the Vienna Technical Museum.]

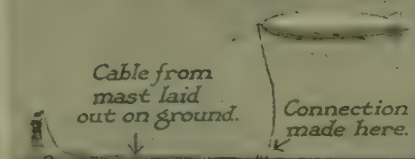
and when, since that correspondence in November about the despatch, she never had heard a single word, is monstrous. . . . She is kept (purposely) in the dark and then expected simply to agree. And when she does have an opinion, she is treated as she was to-day, her Ministers, after keeping her waiting for three hours, refusing to take her letter! . . . Sir Henry cannot overrate the Queen's indignation. Mr. Gladstone tries to be a Bismarck, but the Queen will not be an Emperor William to do anything he orders."

On this same occasion the emotional tension was accentuated by a little incident which is amusing in the retrospect, although those concerned probably did not appreciate its comic side. When the Ministers arrived at Osborne with the Speech, Harcourt was "highly indignant because they had by some mistake sent the small bathing-carriage to bring up four big men." A footnote adds: "The bathing-carriage was a one-horse wagonette open at the sides but enclosed on the top. Cabinet Ministers were accustomed to a landau drawn by a pair of horses, which made nothing of the long hill from East Cowes to Osborne. On the other hand, the one-horse bathing-carriage, designed probably for at most two bathers, was clearly the wrong conveyance for three Privy Councillors and the Clerk of the Council, more especially as Sir William Harcourt alone weighed over fifteen stone. In all probability the horse must have walked all the way uphill from Cowes—therefore it is not to be wondered at that Sir William was peeved when he reached Osborne."

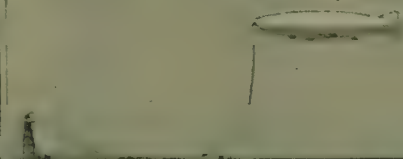
HOW "R 101" WILL "DOCK" IN EGYPT AND INDIA: AIRSHIP-MOORING.

Drawn in "R 101" by our Special Artist, G. H. DAVIS. By Permission of the Air Ministry. (See also Pages 572 and 573.)

1. Ship 700 feet up & about 1000 feet from the Mast drops her Mooring Wire.



2. Mooring Wire connected to Cable from top of Mast.



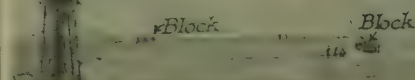
3. Ship rises to 1500 feet to tighten Mooring Wire - Hauling commences.



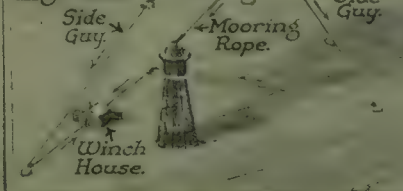
4. Ship hauled down to 750 feet. Side Guys released from Ship.



5. Side Guys secured to Blocks & connected to Ground Wires.



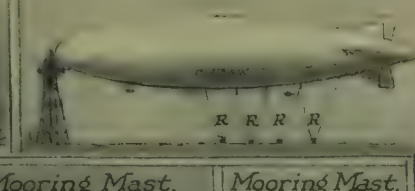
6. All Cables being hauled in together.



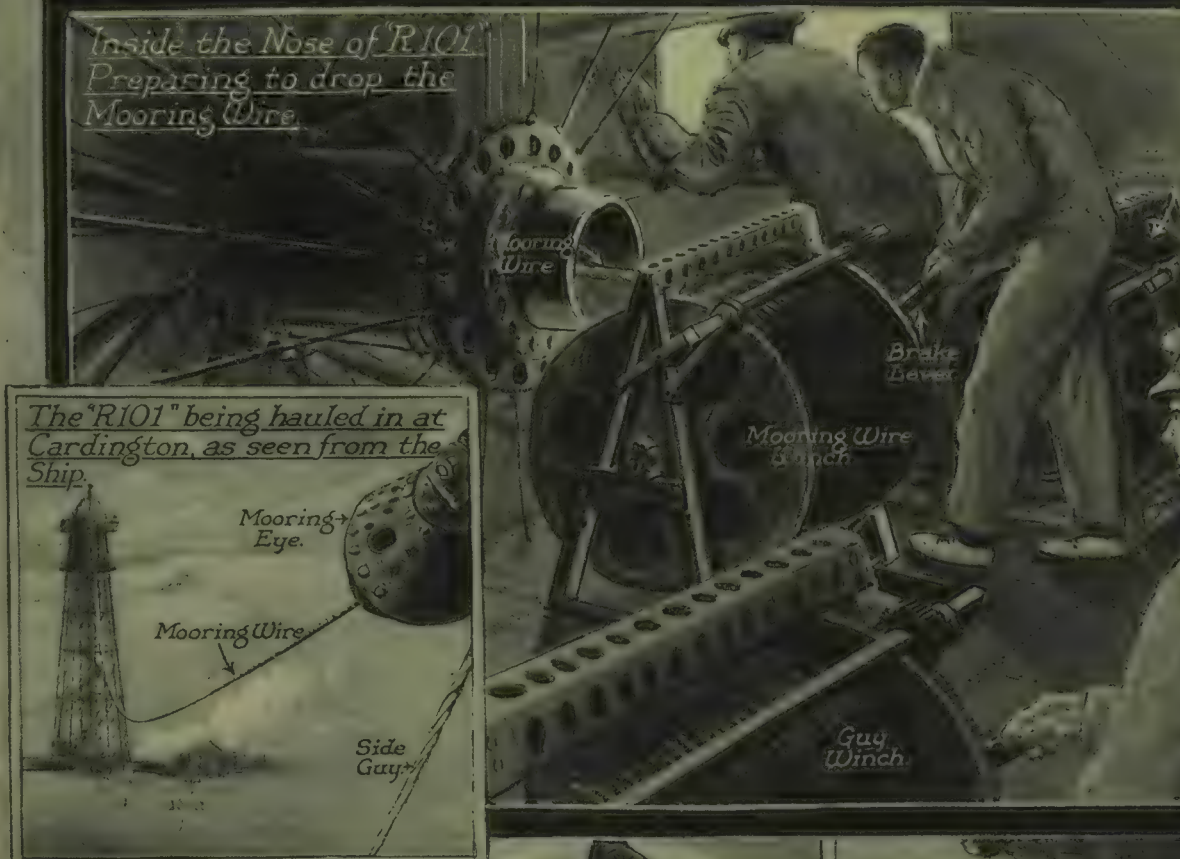
7. Mooring Eye of Ship locked to Mooring Arm on Mast. Side Guys hauled in.



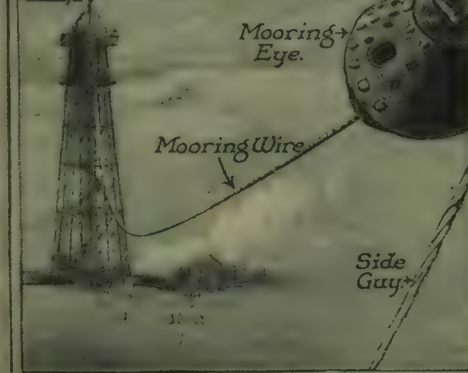
8. Ship riding at the Mast. Mooring Rollers (R) in position.



Inside the Nose of "R 101" Preparing to drop the Mooring Wire.



The "R 101" being hauled in at Cardington, as seen from the Ship.



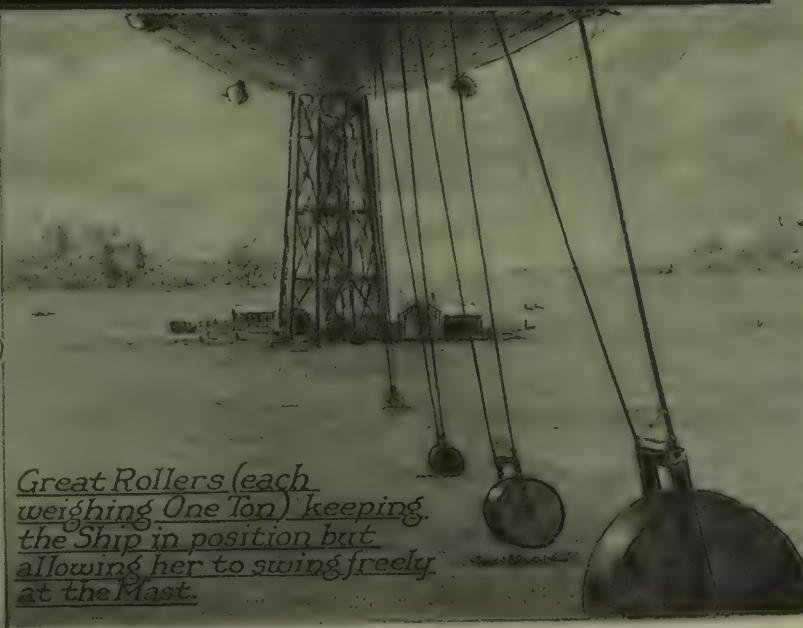
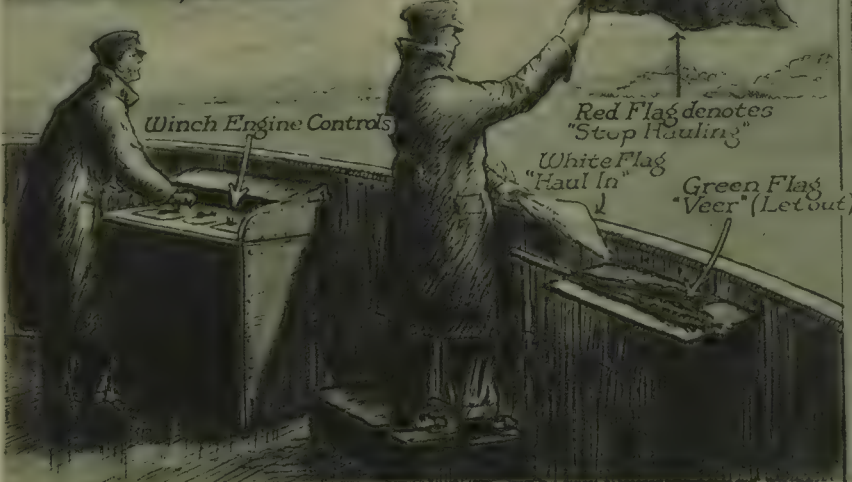
Mooring Mast, Ismailia, Egypt.



Mooring Mast, Karachi, India.



Controlling the Hauling Engine from the Top of the Mast - Mooring Signals between Ship & Mast.



"DOCKING" BRITAIN'S GIANT AIRSHIPS: MECHANISM AND METHODS OF ATTACHMENT TO THE MOORING-MAST.

The handling of a monster air-liner as she comes into "port" requires even more expert knowledge and skill than the docking of a great sea-going ship. The fabric of an airship is so huge and relatively fragile that the mooring operation is one of the most anxious times for the officers. When airships had to be brought right down to the ground, or "walked" into sheds, the operation was infinitely more difficult than it is to-day, thanks to the advent of the mooring-mast. These great steel structures are now the "ports" of air-liners, and mooring is quickly carried out by their skilled crews. In the airship's bows we show the winches for handling the immensely strong steel cables, the one going through

the nose being the main mooring wire, whilst those to port and starboard are the side guys. When the mooring eye (fixed to the ship's nose) is drawn into the cup-shaped cone on top of the mast, a locking pin is inserted. This cone has a universal joint, allowing the ship to swing, always head into wind. Airships so "anchored" have safely ridden out gales exceeding sixty miles an hour. The mooring-masts at Ismailia, Egypt, and Karachi will be used by "R 101" during her forthcoming flight to the East and back. Cardington, near Bedford, is the home port of "R 101," where she was built. A new "bay" has been recently built into the airship, making her far the largest "air liner" in the world.

THE CREW OF "R 101" AND THEIR DUTIES: "ON WATCH"

DRAWN IN H.M. AIRSHIP "R 101," BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



Watch-keeping Officer with Chief Steering Coxswain & Height Coxswain in the Control Car.



The Captain (& his Messenger) on the Captain's Control Bridge.

The Wireless Operator in the Wireless Telegraphy Room.



The Chef & a Steward in the Galley.

WITH "WATCHES" AND "BELLS" AS AT SEA, BUT DIFFERENT WORDS OF COMMAND:

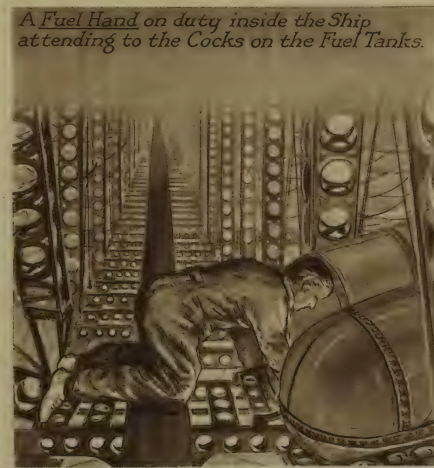
There is considerable romance about the crews of our first two great passenger airships, "R 100" and "R 101." The former has already visited Canada, and the latter is about to set out on her long flight to India with one stop in Egypt *en route*. The above drawings show the various ratings and officers of "R 101" at work. The routine follows closely that of a marine vessel. There are "watches" and "bells" just as at sea. During a flight, besides the captain, each watch includes the watch-keeping officer and navigating officer. There are four riggers on duty—*viz.*, the steering coxswain, the height coxswain (seen to the right in our illustration) controlling the elevators, and two other riggers at work usually inside the hull. In each of the five power-cars is an engineer attending to the heavy-oil engines, the first of their kind used in an airship, accompanied by a foreman engineer overseeing. Naturally there is always a wireless operator on duty, and finally the chef and ship's stewards. All members of the crew wear rubber-soled shoes, to avoid any possible friction that might cause sparks. The navigator is shown in the lonely little cockpit on the extreme stern of the great envelope, a solitary

IN THE GIANT AIRSHIP PREPARING TO FLY TO INDIA.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AIR MINISTRY. (SEE ALSO PAGE 571.)



A Rigger examining Under Fabric of Hull from the Ladder of the Rear Power Car.



A Fuel Hand on duty inside the Ship attending to the Cocks on the Fuel Tanks.



Navigating Officer "Shooting the Sun" from the Rear Observation Post.



Relief Engineer going down from inside the Ship to take his Watch in the Port Forward Power Car.

ROUTINE WORK ABOARD "R 101," NOW FAR THE LARGEST AIRSHIP IN THE WORLD.

perch far from any other members of the crew. Owing to its inaccessibility, however, this position is now not so often used as that in the bows. Some of the ordinary every-day duties are quite "nightmare" jobs. The engineers of each watch have to climb up and down the naked metal ladders connecting the inside of the ship with the power cars, exposed to the rush of air as the great ship speeds on her way, and with the country a patchwork map thousands of feet below. In particular, the long ladder from the ship to the after control car, on which a rigger is seen taking a glance at the lower hull fabric, is no place for the weak of heart. The words of command used in an airship differ widely from those of a ship at sea. Probably in our picture the officer is just giving to the height coxswain the order, "Five down—ease to three—'midships," which the coxswain repeats, and, when it has been carried out, repeats again in the past tense. The uniform worn is of blue with peaked cap, with a gold badge for the officers and a red worsted badge for the men. Coxswains wear this uniform on duty, but khaki overalls are usually worn by the other members of the watch.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE AUTUMN MIGRATION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

TO those of us who have a real delight in watching the pageant of Nature, the autumn months are as full of splendour as when the tide of life was at its highest. But, while we revel in the harvest-time of field, hedgerow, and garden, we have, at the same time, to take farewell

race. Why our "summer migrants" leave the grateful warmth of South Africa for our somewhat treacherous climate is a theme I should like to dwell upon, but on this occasion I have another aspect of migration in mind, and this is of a very different, and very puzzling, character.

Migration, normally, is a periodic movement on the part of comparatively long-lived birds and beasts to enable them to escape adverse climatic conditions. Any weakening of the "urge to migration" inevitably ends in death, though only some species are thus constituted. Here, indeed, we have a clear case of natural selection. For only those with a perfect migratory "rhythm" can survive to reproduce their kind, annually, until they have completed the span of life peculiar to their species. The "mental defectives" are ruthlessly weeded out. From migration and the reciprocal "immigration" there is no escape.

But the term "migration" includes some very curious phenomena. There is the migration of our fresh-water eel, for example, which is performed but once in the lifetime of each individual. Its termination, be it noted, is reproduction. This fulfilled, all die without exception. This is true also of the American salmon. Here the movement is from the sea to the rivers; with the eels it is from the rivers to the sea.

The lemmings, among the mammals, develop spasmodic migratory movements. Every few years vast hosts leave their normal haunts and march relentlessly onwards to the sea, where they perish. Such movements appear

Monterey, they gather in countless thousands; clustering so thickly on the branches of the pine-trees as to transform their appearance completely, the brown wings of the resting insects looking like the dead leaves of a deciduous tree. But they are not hibernating, for all day long they may be seen in hundreds sipping nectar from the wild flowers, as well as from the gardens. They feed, it would seem, at intervals, some withdrawing from the resting hosts at one time, some at another. With the return of spring, they make their way back to the east coast to breed. These migrants we must regard as made up of the late-hatched broods of the previous summer, since butterflies do not mate more than once.

Our own cabbage-white butterfly (*Pieris brassicae*) performs some remarkable migrations in some parts of its range. With us its numbers vary greatly; in some years it is comparatively scarce, in others extremely numerous, owing to the immigration of hosts from abroad. In the Himalayas, Major Kingston tells us that at Dharmasala, Dhamladhar Range, they become numerous in March. Towards the end of the month he noticed they were all moving in the same direction, and ascending the range up to the snow-line. By mid-April the stream had enormously increased—hundreds passed him every minute; so great were their numbers that the hillside seemed white with fluttering wings.

For at least two months this migration went on, during which time millions must have ascended this section of the mountain slope. At 10,000 feet up to the snow-line the stream became thinner. But it would seem that the thousands that passed daily above the snow-line all perished. Here we seem to have a parallel to the migration of the lemmings, but of more frequent occurrence. Only those that stayed below 8000 feet would survive; and these would seem to repopulate the Alpine pastures, of 10-11,000 feet up, in the spring, when wild flowers are abundant.

But even so, the tide of destruction is only checked, for it does not seem that any of these hosts breed. Their upward movement towards destruction seems, then, to be of no benefit to the species, save as a means of keeping the population within the limits of the food supply.

One more instance must suffice. This is a record of observations made by Mr. W. L. Puxley on the Glasshouse Mountains, in Queensland. The migrants in this case were apparently of *Belenois java teutonia*. In the spring (September) of 1920, he remarks, hordes of this species began to fly over the gum-trees. So vast were their numbers that they darkened the sky. Flocks of parrots and lorries were following, and feeding on them. They continued their flight for nearly three weeks, from dawn till dusk, flying north-east. This extraordinary migration seems to take place every four or five years, and we must suppose, for want of evidence to the contrary, that all perish.

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.



THE WING BONES AND STERNUM OF THE SWIFT: THE "MECHANISM" OF ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING OF OUR MIGRATORY BIRDS.

It will be noticed that the arm and fore-arm are conspicuously short, while the "hand" is extremely long; this wing is an adjustment to the requirements of long-sustained flight.

of many of the companions of our summer days—the swifts, swallows and martins and the cuckoo, the warblers, and so on. They leave us, however, by no means disconsolate. For their departure draws attention to aspects of their life-history overshadowed by the swirl of life at midsummer, when so many creatures have to be kept under observation.

This year, attention has been concentrated on the departure of our swifts, than which we have no more interesting or remarkable birds on our list of species native to these islands. The swift is among the last to come to us in the spring, and the first to leave us. Only the cuckoo, indeed, can compare with it in its apparent reluctance to come and its anxiety to go. This much is common knowledge; but few seem to appreciate the significance of these movements.

My newspaper has recently contained much correspondence concerning the date of the departure of the swifts. Among these letters was one from Lord Rothschild, whose reputation as a zoologist is world-wide. He set the date of their departure at round about August 7-9. Of course, stragglers will be, and are, found every year after this date. But these late birds are probably late-hatched, and some most likely perish as a consequence of that untimely hatching.

There is more in this matter than is at first apparent. And this becomes clear when it is recalled that this bird does not arrive till the last week in April—though single birds have been recorded earlier than this. Allowing a day or two for nesting preparations, and at least eighteen days for incubation, the middle of May is passed before the young are hatched. Hence, in roughly round about ten or eleven weeks they must be strong enough to undertake their first flight to Africa, where the winter must be spent. And the young cuckoo is in like case. Surely these are indeed cases of precocious development? And let it not be forgotten that this journey must be made *alone*, for the adults leave first.

The adults show a greater susceptibility to adverse conditions of temperature than one would have supposed. For Mr. J. B. Watson, writing from Aldeburgh, Suffolk, records the first big southerly movement of swifts as taking place about July 21. On that day this year disaster befell them. For a sudden drop in the temperature, accompanied by heavy rain and wind from the S.S.W., resulted in large numbers of birds being picked up either dead or dying, while "masses" were seen clinging to the walls of houses for shelter.

It would seem, then, that it is imperatively necessary for these birds to leave us at the earliest possible moment to avoid the obvious risks of a more protracted stay with us. For with these birds, as with all our "summer migrants," migration, and the consequent immigration in the following year, is essential to the survival of the



THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY (*ANOSIA PLEXIPPUS*): AN AMERICAN SPECIES WHICH MIGRATES YEARLY FROM CANADA TO CALIFORNIA.

In all, about thirty specimens of this fine butterfly, which measures nearly five inches across and is coloured orange and black, have been caught in England. Whether they were migrants from America or from the Cape Verde Islands is unknown.

to take place as a consequence of over-population. A growing shortage of food, an impending sense of famine, prompts these hordes to set out for a new source of food; but, though it ends in disaster for the participants, the stability of the species is assured, since, from the remnant which remains, a new stock arises. The erratic immigrations of Pallas's sand-grouse afford a similar case. Many similar instances of migrations of this kind might be cited. From among them let me cite the migration of butterflies, for these are often on a stupendous scale. Here, again, only some species are thus affected. On the other hand, there are species which seem to migrate after the fashion of birds, returning to the place whence they came to breed.

The best-known example of this type is furnished by the great orange-and-black monarch butterfly (*Anosia plexippus*), which every year spends the winter months in California, to escape the rigours of the most northern area of its range. Their route, so far as I can make out, seems to be from Canada and the northern United States to the extreme west of California. Here, in the pine forests of



THE "PAINTED LADY" BUTTERFLY (*PYRAMEIS CARDUI*): A SPECIES THAT, IT SEEMS, IS LARGELY MAINTAINED IN ENGLAND BY IMMIGRANTS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRIES, ALTHOUGH IT ALSO BREEDS HERE.

Splendid Minoan Art: A Painted Ceiling; "Grand Stands" in Fresco.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COLOUR PICTURES IN "THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS," BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. MACMILLAN.

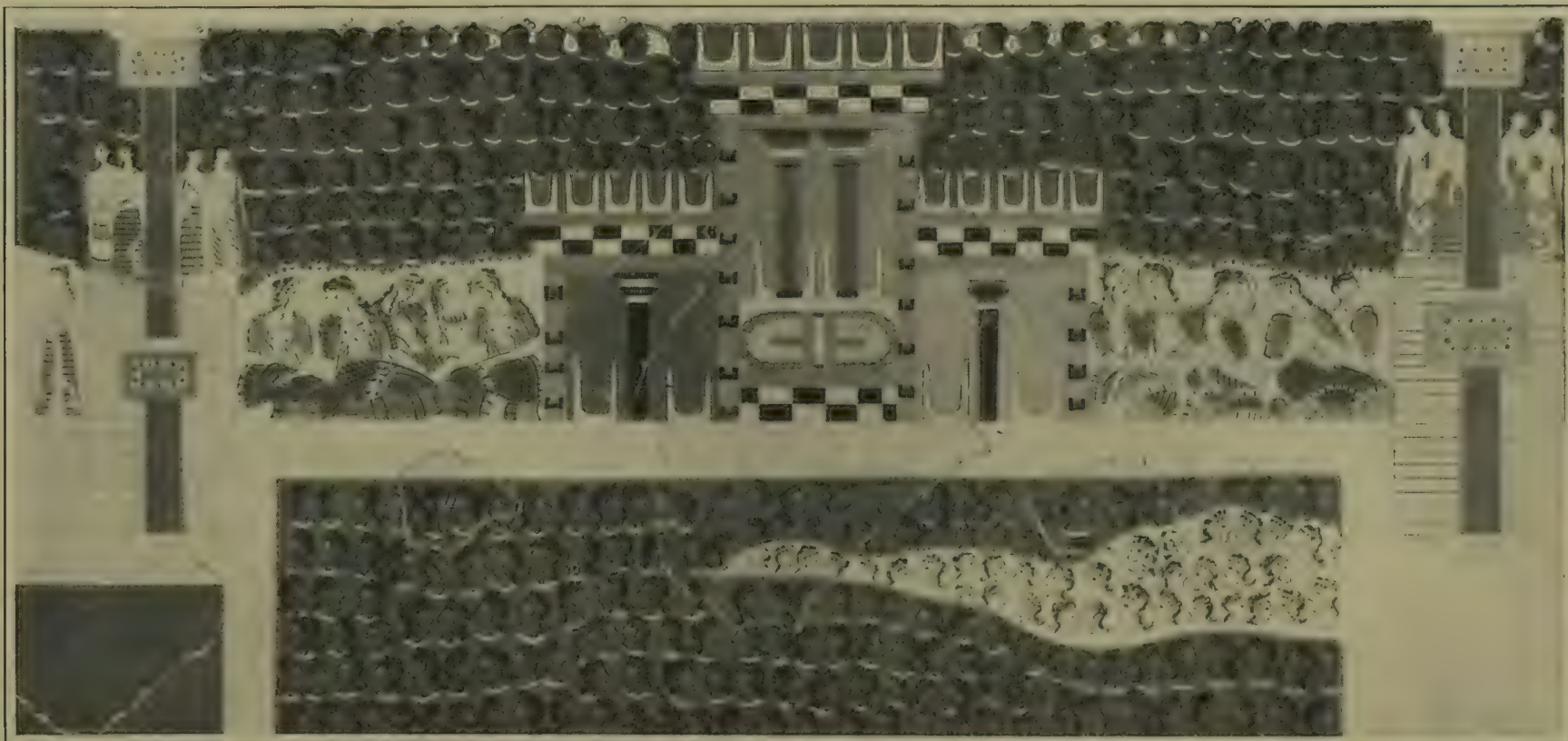
"THE painted stucco ceiling," writes Sir Arthur Evans, "belonged, like the associated Miniature Frescoes, to an . . . important structure. . . . The spiral reliefs themselves belong to a class of ceiling decoration that reflects the fashions of contemporary Egypt. The highly decorative pattern is remarkable for the quatrefoil medallions with large rosettes in their centres attached at intervals to the surface. The splendid effect of this ceiling is well brought out in the coloured plate (adjoining): divergent coils in relief are white, the rosettes red and yellow, outlined in black on a brilliant 'kyanos' blue ground. It is probable that the pounded glass used for this was imported from Egypt, and the ceiling . . . is evidently copied from an Egyptian class of which fine examples have been found belonging to the early part of the Eighteenth Dynasty. . . . The widespread designs on friezes of spirals and rosettes in the Domestic Quarter (probably belong) to the First Late Minoan Period. This conclusion would make the painted ceiling later in date than the Miniature Frescoes. . . . It is at any rate clear

[Continued opposite.



Continued.] that the influence of Egypt under the New Kingdom was beginning to make itself felt." Regarding the wall-painting shown in our lower illustration (from a coloured original, Sir Arthur Evans writes: "Of the two miniature fresco subjects brought to light, that called from its central feature the Temple Fresco is represented by the greater number of fragments, and may have filled more than one panel. Although only a certain proportion of the fragments could be actually united, the main lines of the composition were fairly clear, while architectural symmetry has supplied a further guide. It has, therefore, been possible to propose a general scheme of restoration, admirably worked out for me by Messieurs Gilliéron, father and son, of which the central section is reproduced (below). . . . The whole composition clearly centres round the little Temple, which belongs to the typical Minoan and Mycenaean class. On either side are the terraces and tiers with curiously constructed supporting pillars of a kind of Grand Stand or Theatre, crowded with spectators of both sexes."

AN ART LINK BETWEEN CRETE AND ANCIENT EGYPT: A SPLENDID CEILING IN THE PALACE AT KNOSSOS
"EVIDENTLY COPIED" FROM EGYPTIAN WORK OF THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY PERIOD.



A MINOAN PROTOTYPE OF THE SPANISH BULL-RING: PART OF A RESTORED PANEL OF "MINIATURE FRESKO" FROM KNOSSOS, SHOWING WOMEN SPECTATORS (SEEN IN COLOUR ON PAGE 576) IN GRAND STANDS, AMONG CROWDS LOOKING ON AT BULL-GRAPPLING SPORTS.

Knossos the "Versailles" of Minoan Society: Frescoes and Ivories.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COLOUR PICTURES IN "THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS," BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. MACMILLAN.



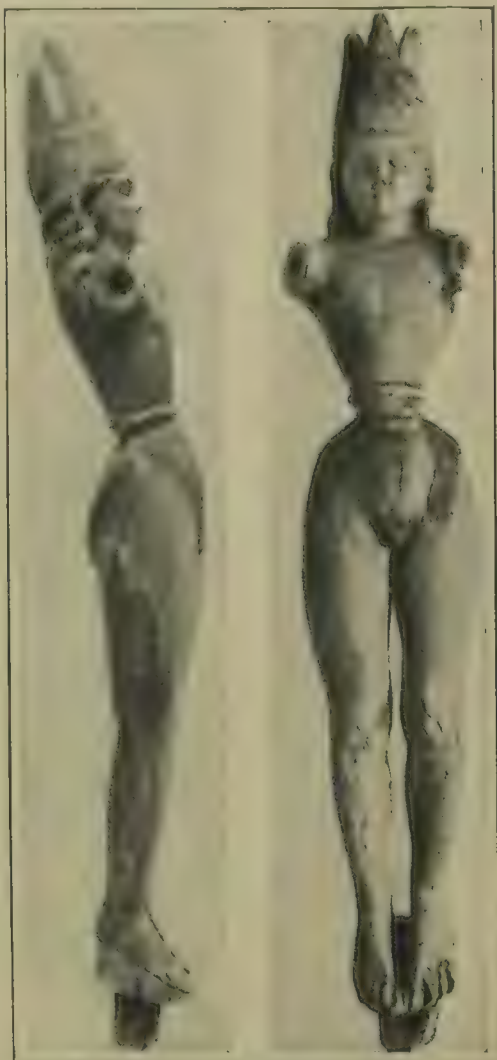
"COURT LADIES WITH PUFFED SLEEVES, WASP WAISTS, AND ELABORATE HAIRDRESSING" SUGGESTIVE OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VERSAILLES. SPECTATORS IN A GRAND STAND AT THE "BULL-RING"—SECTIONS OF THE FRESCO ILLUSTRATED (IN BLACK AND WHITE) ON PAGE 575 OF THIS NUMBER.

Continued. their wasp waists, and elaborate hair-dressing. This impression, which smacks rather of Versailles than Florence, made it natural, when they were first discovered, to bring down these productions to the latest phase of the Knossian Palace art, and to an epoch on the brink of decadence, but conclusive evidence is now at hand to demonstrate that the Miniature style in wall-painting was itself fully evolved well before the close of the Third Middle Minoan Period. . . . We must admit the close dependence of the Miniature groups before us on larger works of the immediately preceding epoch, the chief theme of which seems to have been toilet scenes and intimate conversation on subjects of female interest. This dependence, indeed, may help to explain the extreme detachment that these ladies, who occupy the front seats of the Grand Stand, show from the performances of which they were clearly supposed to be spectators. . . . These scenes of feminine confidences, of tittle-tattle and society scandals, take us far away from the productions of classical art in any age. Such lively *genre* and the *rococo* atmosphere bring us nearer, indeed, to quite modern times."



A MINOAN "MATADOR". AN IVORY HEAD OF A YOUTH, WITH SOCKET-HOLES FOR WIRES WHICH REPRESENT HIS HAIR FLYING BEHIND AS HE LEAPED IN THE "BULL-RING."

DESCRIBING the section of fresco shown above in the upper coloured reproduction, Sir Arthur Evans writes (in "The Palace of Minos at Knossos," Vol. III.) "We are very far away from the restrained pose of classical Greece. At a glance we recognise Court ladies in elaborate toilet. They are fresh from the coiffeur's hand with hair *frisé* and curled about the head and shoulders, it is confined by a band over the forehead and fall down the back in long separate tresses, twisted round with strings of beads and jewels. The sleeves are puffed, and the constricted girdles and flounced skirts equally recall quite modern fashions. A narrow band appears across the chest, which suggests a diaphanous chemise . . . a *décolleté* effect. The dresses are gaily coloured with bands of blue, red, and yellow. . . . A curiously artificial atmosphere of social life pervades these highly polite groups of Court ladies with their puffed sleeves, *(Continued above.)*



A CHRYSELEPHANTINE FIGURINE OF THE MINOAN BOY-GOD, OR "DIVINE CHILD". SIDE AND FRONT ASPECTS (HEIGHT, 6½ INCHES) — A STATUETTE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH A FIGURE OF THE MINOAN "MADONNA" (NOW AT BOSTON, U.S.A.).



WHAT THE MINOAN COURT LADIES (SHOWN IN THE COLOURED FRESCO ABOVE) WERE WATCHING: A MINOAN BULL-CATCHING SCENE PAINTED ON THE BACK OF A CRYSTAL PLAQUE (A RESTORATION BY M. GILLIÉRON).

A BRILLIANT CAREER CLOSED AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-EIGHT.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY MR. OSWALD BIRLEY. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IS STRICTLY RESERVED.



FORMERLY LORD CHANCELLOR AND SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA: THE LATE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD.

The death of Lord Birkenhead, which took place at his home in London on September 30, brought a brilliant career to a premature close, for he was only fifty-eight. Frederick Edwin Smith was born at Birkenhead in 1872. At Oxford, where he was at Wadham, he became President of the Union, and took high honours in law. In 1908 he became a K.C. and a Bencher of Gray's Inn. He was first elected to Parliament as M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, in 1906, and held the seat for thirteen years. He was knighted in 1915, and became a Baronet three years later. In 1919 he was raised to the Peerage, as a Baron, and he received his earldom in 1922. Lord Birkenhead had held

many high offices of State. He was Solicitor-General in 1915; Attorney-General, 1915-19; Lord Chancellor, 1919-22; and Secretary for India, 1924-28. He also attained high position in the academic world, becoming Lord Rector of Glasgow University, 1922; High Steward of Oxford University in the same year; and Rector of Aberdeen University in 1926. He published a number of books, on legal, political, and literary subjects. During the war he went on active service, and became a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel. A few years ago he abandoned politics for commerce, and became a Director of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Later, he was Chairman of the Greater London and Counties Trust.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



TOKYO AS REBUILT SINCE THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE: THE NEW BUILDING OF THE JAPANESE DIET; AND THE TEMPORARY DIET BUILDING (ON LEFT).

The great Earthquake Memorial Hall at Tokyo, built to commemorate the terrible disaster of 1923, was inaugurated a few weeks ago by a religious ceremony at which over four hundred priests participated, and practically the whole population of the Japanese capital assembled for the occasion. A note on the photographs states that it is the burial-place of over 60,000 people who perished in the fire that followed the earthquake. The general



COMMEMORATING 60,000 VICTIMS OF FIRE IN THE DISASTER OF 1923: THE INAUGURATION OF THE EARTHQUAKE MEMORIAL HALL AT TOKYO.

reconstruction of the city, it may be recalled, was inspected earlier this year by the Emperor of Japan, who, it was reported at the time, did reverence to the enshrined ashes of thousands of victims at the "Hall of the Nameless Dead." The work of rebuilding included six large new bridges and 400 smaller ones, 600 miles of new roads, and the erection of new houses, shops, and factories, on 875,000 acres of devastation.



POLISH POLICE ARMED WITH REVOLVER, SHIELD, AND CUIRASS SEEN "IN ACTION." THE SAME POLICEMEN WITH SHIELDS AND REVOLVERS LOWERED: SHOWING THE WHOLE CUIRASS AND THE STEEL HELMET.

"The Polish Government," writes a correspondent in sending these photographs, "have armed their police with revolvers, shields, and cuirasses, in preparation for the clash expected between rival parties on Election Day." There was a riot in Warsaw, it may be recalled, on September 14, when the police dispersed a Radical procession. At that time it was stated that they used neither rifles nor revolvers, having been instructed not to use arms in a disturbance.



THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTHQUAKE MEMORIAL HALL AT TOKYO: ONE PART OF THE BUILDING RECENTLY INAUGURATED.



SUFFERINGS OF THE BRETON FISHING FLEET IN THE RECENT GALES: A BATTERED SURVIVOR, THE "LOUISE MARIE," IN PORT AT CONCARNEAU AFTER THE STORM.

Few people, probably, realise the great hardships and dangers which the Breton fishermen so bravely face, out in the Atlantic or in the stormy Bay of Biscay. During the recent equinoctial gales, the fishing fleet suffered severely, and a number of men lost their lives. Touching scenes took place at Concarneau, on the coast of Brittany, when the surviving vessels returned, battered



THE FUNERAL OF FISHERMEN DROWNED DURING THE STORM: WHITE-CAPPED BRETON WOMEN WALKING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF CONCARNEAU.

and disabled. At the time when these photographs were taken, says our correspondent, sixteen were still missing, and the women and children were waiting for news. Eight French war-ships took part in the search for the missing boats. Some victims of the storm were brought back by the returning boats for burial in their native village.

NOTABLE ART EVENTS: FIGDOR TREASURES; A SYMBOLIC SELF-PORTRAIT.



A PICTURE THAT FETCHED £19,250 AT THE RECENT SALE OF THE GREAT FIGDOR COLLECTION AT BERLIN: THE "PRODIGAL SON," BY HIERONYMUS BOSCH.

No less than £150,000 was realised, at the recent auction held in Berlin, by Messrs. Cassirer, on September 29, as the proceeds of the first day's sale of pictures from the famous Figdor Gallery at Vienna. The highest price was fetched by the "Prodigal Son" of Hieronymus Bosch, illustrated above, which, after a stubborn contest, fell to Goudstikker, of Amsterdam, for £19,250. The artist, Hieronymus van Aeken, commonly known as Hieronymus Bosch (from his birthplace,



BELIEVED BY SOME TO BE A DÜRER: "PORTRAIT OF A MAN," WHICH WAS SOLD FOR OVER £9000 AT THE SALE OF PICTURES FROM THE FIGDOR GALLERY.

Bois-le-Duc, was born in 1462 and died about 1516. He is noted for his whimsical choice of subjects, which are generally grotesque representations of devils, spectres, incantations, treated with singular ingenuity. Another picture for which there was eager competition at the Figdor sale was the "Portrait of a Man," generally described as by an unknown German master, but believed, in some quarters, to be Dürer's. It was eventually sold for something over £9000.



A PICTURE WHICH SYMBOLISES IN KALEIDOSCOPIC FASHION THE VARIED OCCUPATIONS OF THE ARTIST'S LIFE: A REMARKABLE WORK BY MR. C. R. W. NEVINSON, TO BE SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT AN EXHIBITION OF HIS PICTURES WHICH WAS ARRANGED TO OPEN AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES ON OCTOBER 4.

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson is chiefly famous as a war artist, for he was appointed as an Official Artist in 1917, and numerous works of his have been purchased by the Imperial War Museum and by the Canadian War Memorials Fund. In 1920 he was invited by the Czecho-Slovak

Republic to represent British Art at Prague. Since 1910 he has exhibited continuously in London, Paris, New York, Washington, and Chicago. In 1915 he married Miss Kathleen Knowlman. He is a son of Mr. H. W. Nevinson.

THE EX-KAISER'S PALACE AT BERLIN TURNED TO REPUBLICAN USES: A CENTRE OF EDUCATION AND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.



FORMERLY THE SALON OF PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA: A PALACE APARTMENT NOW USED AS THE INSTRUCTION-ROOM FOR THE PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF BERLIN UNIVERSITY.



A PART OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN NOW CONVERTED INTO A PICTURE GALLERY: AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS FOR SALE BY THE GERMAN ART ASSOCIATION.



FORMERLY THE PLAY-ROOM OF THE ROYAL PRINCES: AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE NOW USED AS THE OFFICE OF THE GERMAN SCIENCE AID ASSOCIATION.



WHERE ROYAL BANQUETS WERE ONCE PREPARED: THE CASTLE KITCHEN NOW USED AS A RESTAURANT WHERE SOME FIVE HUNDRED STUDENTS TAKE MEALS DAILY AT A COST OF 55 PFENNIG (ABOUT HALF A MARK).



NOW OCCUPIED BY THE HELENE LANGE HOME FOR WOMEN STUDENTS: ONE OF 700 APARTMENTS IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BERLIN.



NOW DIVERTED FROM ROYAL STATE TO LEGAL STUDIES: THE LIBRARY OF THE INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL JURISPRUDENCE IN A ROOM OF THE PALACE AT BERLIN.



SUGGESTING THE ENTRANCE TO A BLOCK OF OFFICE BUILDINGS: ONE OF THE GATES OF THE PALACE AT BERLIN, WITH THE NAMES OF INSTITUTIONS OCCUPYING CHAMBERS IN IT.



NOW THE WORKING-ROOM OF HERR VON HARNACK, PRESIDENT OF THE KAISER WILHELM SOCIETY FOR SCIENCE AND ARTS: A ROOM IN THE PALACE AT BERLIN.

Recent political events in Germany, where the Republican régime has been challenged by a new movement of the Fascist type, lend considerable interest to these photographs showing some of the democratic uses to which the ex-Kaiser's Palace in Berlin has been put since the Revolution. The photographs afford some indication of the present character of the Palace which once housed the imperial splendour of Germany. The names of occupants seen (in the third photograph from the left in the lower row) posted up at an entrance are (reading from top): The Alexander Von Humboldt Foundation; the Japanese Institute (fourth floor); the Mexican Library (third floor); the Institute of Research in Natural History (third floor); the School for Journalists; and the Bureau of Educational Exchange (third floor). Some further account of the present arrangements in the royal Castle at Berlin is given in a post-war

edition of Baedeker's "Northern Germany." Here we read: "The magnificent decorations of the state apartments exemplify the development of art during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; they now house the contents of the Industrial Art Museum (founded in 1867) and were opened in 1921 as the Schloss Museum." A pre-war edition of the same volume, describing the Schloss at Berlin, says: "A new period of building activity began under William II., who made the Palace once more the actual residence of the reigning sovereign." Another description of the Palace, quoted in Mr. Gerald Bullett's recent book, "Germany" (A. and C. Black), says: "It is a vast pile of buildings of various epochs and divers styles of architecture, having no less than 700 rooms. It is full of objects of interest, including many noteworthy portraits and historic paintings. Its famous White Salon was the scene of the great State banquets."

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.



AN EXACT RECONSTITUTION OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SAILING-SHIP—BUT PROPELLED BY A MODERN SCREW: A CARAVEL WITH AN ENGINE RECENTLY LAUNCHED AT HONFLEUR.

This exact reconstitution of a seventeenth-century sailing-ship, as far as the hull and rigging are concerned, was recently launched at Honfleur. She has been built for Dr. Noel, of Buenos Aires, who, while admitting the charm of the old-time rig, also had the "Izarra" fitted with a modern oil-burning engine.



A GUNBOAT OF ONLY 2 FT. 7 IN. DRAUGHT WHICH SUCCESSFULLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC: DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED FOR THE COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT BY A BRITISH FIRM.

Three gunboats in all, similar to the one illustrated above, were recently constructed by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. for the Colombian Government. On completion they crossed successfully from the Yarrow works to Colombia, South America, under their own power, one of the boats making the passage in twenty-four days, quite a remarkable achievement for shallow-draught river-vessels.



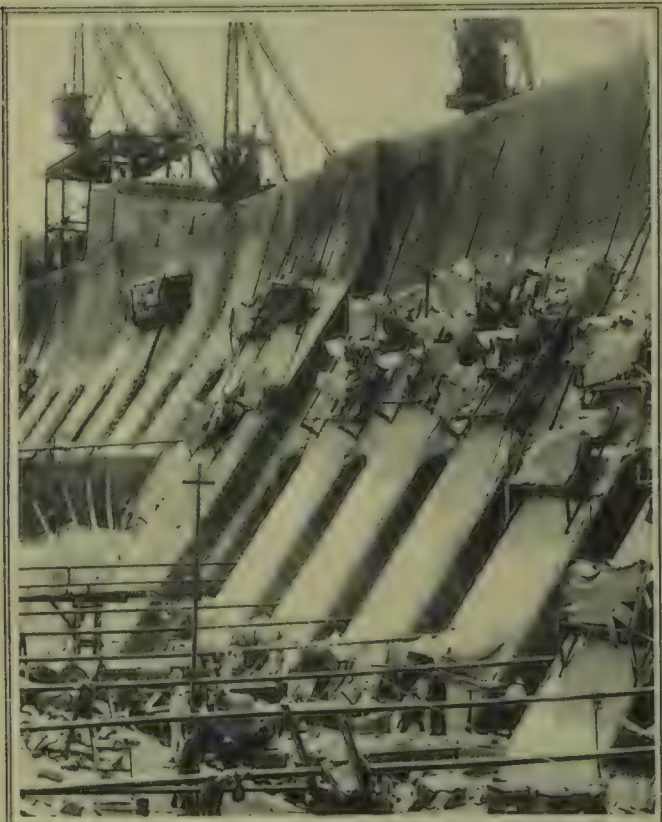
STAGES IN A FATAL 213-FT. DIVE INTO THE HUDSON RIVER AT NEW YORK.

Norman J. Terry undertook to leap 213 feet from Hudson River Bridge, New York, into the river. With a blue banner, which kept him perpendicular, he fell to within about twenty feet of the water, when the banner met "dead" air, and, as shown in our third photograph, he turned over and broke his spine.



A NEW TREASURE FROM HERCULANEUM: A FINE MARBLE STATUE OF A YOUNG DEER ATTACKED BY A PACK OF HOUNDS.

Great hopes have been entertained that the new excavations would lead to important archaeological discoveries at Herculaneum, which was a frequent summer resort of wealthy citizens in the days of Rome. These hopes were in part justified by the marble hunting group illustrated above, together with two others representing a drunken Hercules and a satyr.



THE ASWAN DAM, ON WHICH WORK WAS RECENTLY STOPPED BY ORDER OF SIR JOHN NORTON-GRIFFITHS: OPERATIONS IN PROGRESS.

On September 21, Sir John Norton-Griffiths and Co. notified the Egyptian Ministry of Public Works that, as conditions of work imposed by the resident engineering staff made it impossible to continue, all heightening operations on the Aswan Dam would have to be stopped. An announcement of Sir John Norton-Griffiths's death, with a portrait, will be found on our personal page.



A HAPPY GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: THE QUEEN (WITH THE KING PARTLY SEEN BEHIND HER), THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCE GEORGE ON A RECENT VISIT TO CRATHIE CHURCH, NEAR BALMORAL.

The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Prince George attended Crathie Parish Church, on September 28, when the Very Rev. Charles Warr (Dean of the Order of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal in Scotland) preached the sermon. The King and Queen, accompanied by Prince George, left Balmoral for London on September 29.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S METHOD OF REFUTING REPORTS OF HIS ILL-HEALTH: THE DUCE JUMPING A HURDLE DURING HIS DISPLAY OF HORSEMANSHIP BEFORE A GROUP OF PRESSMEN.

Signor Mussolini, to discredit rumours of his failure in health, staged an original method of giving the truth to the world. He invited a number of pressmen to his villa, and gave them an exhibition of his skill on horseback. The visitors were greatly impressed by his energy and his clever horsemanship.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: OCCURRENCES OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.



THE TREASON TRIALS AT LEIPZIG: POLICE DEALING WITH A LARGE CROWD OF "NAZI" SYMPATHISERS, OUTSIDE THE SUPREME COURT, WAITING TO SEE HITLER.

The appearance of Herr Hitler, the leader of the German National Socialist Party ("Nazis"), whose activities have been frequently illustrated in our recent issues, as a witness at the treason trial of three German artillery officers before the Supreme Court at Leipzig, naturally raised enormous interest. He took this opportunity of stating his political programme, and, briefly, his three chief points were—repudiation or evasion of the Peace Treaties and the Young Plan; a



HERR HITLER (RIGHT) GIVING EVIDENCE AT THE LEIPZIG TREASON TRIALS; WITH LIEUTENANT LUDIN, ONE OF THE OFFICERS TRIED (LEFT).

state court to try the "criminals of 1918" (i.e., those who signed the Peace Treaties); creation of a German conscript army. Considerable doubts were raised by evidence given during this trial as to the claimed impartiality of the Reichswehr (German army) in political questions. Subsequently, proceedings for high treason were also instituted against two commanders of "Nazi storm troops"—Ulrich and von Fichte by name.



THE THIRD DEFEAT OF "SHAMROCK V." BY "ENTERPRISE" (RIGHT): "SHAMROCK'S" MAINSAIL COLLAPSES THROUGH A BROKEN HALYARD.

After making an excellent start, "Shamrock V." was disabled in the third race for the "America's" Cup on September 17 and had to retire; for, after six miles of the thirty-mile course had been covered in a stiff breeze, "Shamrock's" main halyard broke and her mainsail collapsed on deck.



THE SCENE OF THE DELIBERATIONS OF THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE IN LONDON: THE "LOCARNO ROOM" AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

A distinguished gathering of British statesmen, of the Mother country and the Dominions, assembled for the opening of the Imperial Conference at the Foreign Office on October 1. Among them were the Prime Ministers of five constituent nations of the Empire. The delegations included also prominent representatives from India and the Irish Free State.



CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S BEST CANINE JUMPER: "MICKEVE," THE WONDER ALSATIAN, SEEN CLEARING A RAILING 9 FT. 6 IN. HIGH. "Mickeve," an Alsatian dog of phenomenal jumping powers, is said to be capable of a long jump of 24 ft., while he is seen above clearing a railing at 9 ft. 6 in. He belongs to Mr. Michael Snapper, of Chelsea.



THE ASSAILANT WHO SHOT AT THE ITALIAN CROWN PRINCE (LAST OCTOBER) IN BRUSSELS, BROUGHT TO TRIAL: DE ROSA GUARDED BY GENDARMES.

On September 27, at Brussels, the young Italian Socialist law student named De Rosa was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, of attempting to shoot the Italian Crown Prince Humbert on his visit to Brussels last October for his betrothal. De Rosa was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, though the maximum penalty imposed by Belgian law for the crime is hard labour for life. Surprise was generally expressed by Italian newspapers at what was, in some cases, described as the "scandalous leniency" of the sentence. Attention was also drawn to the fact that Signor Nitti—a former Italian Prime Minister—in giving evidence, had animadverted on the "state of mind of Italian youth."



THE REVOLVER SAID TO HAVE BEEN FIRED AT THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY: THE WEAPON SHOWN WITH DE ROSA'S BELONGINGS, INCLUDING HIS HAT, PAPERS, AND TRAVELLING RUG.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. LEWIS EVANS.
Born 1853. Died, September 25. Founder of Lewis Evans Collection at Oxford. Hon. D.Sc. of Oxford, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Astronomical Society.



MR. J. H. SCULLIN.
Prime Minister of Australia. Came to London to attend the Imperial Conference. Began his career as a shop assistant and a journalist. This is his first visit to England.



MR. EDWARD S. HARKNESS.
American railway magnate. Has given £2,000,000 to be spent for the good of this country by five trustees, who include Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. John Buchan.



MR. G. W. FORBES.
Prime Minister of New Zealand. Recently arrived in London to attend the Imperial Conference. Leader of the United Party in New Zealand. An expert on Agriculture and Farming.



SIR JOHN NORTON-GRIFFITHS.
Found dead off Alexandria. September 27. Well-known engineer and soldier. Contractor for the heightening of the Aswan Dam.



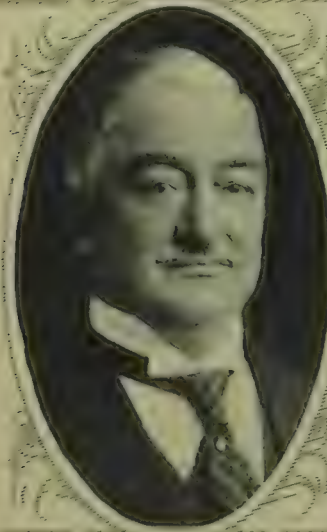
THE DUKE OF YORK PLAYING HIMSELF IN AS GOLF CAPTAIN AT ST. ANDREWS: AN INAUGURAL DRIVE OF NEARLY 200 YARDS.
The Duke of York played himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews on September 24 with an unusually fine shot of just under 200 yards, and that in the teeth of a dead head-on wind blowing at thirty miles an hour.



WITH THE NEW LORD MAYOR, SIR WILLIAM PHENÉ NEAL (RIGHT): SIR WILLIAM WATERLOW, BT., THE OUTGOING LORD MAYOR, LEAVING THE GUILDHALL.
Sir William Phené Neal is, it is stated, the first practising solicitor for over half a century to be Lord Mayor of London. His knighthood was conferred on his retiring from the office of Sheriff. At the same time a baronetcy was bestowed on Sir William Waterlow on the completion of his year as Lord Mayor.



WEARING A "CONICAL" TAIL TO LESSEN WIND-RESISTANCE: HERR HENNE, WHO BROKE THE WORLD'S MOTOR-CYCLE SPEED RECORD.
Herr Henne recently broke ten records on his super-charged B.M.W. motor-cycle at Ingolstadt, in Bavaria. In the flying start he achieved the speed of 137.66 m.p.h.—the fastest at which a motor-cycle has ever travelled.



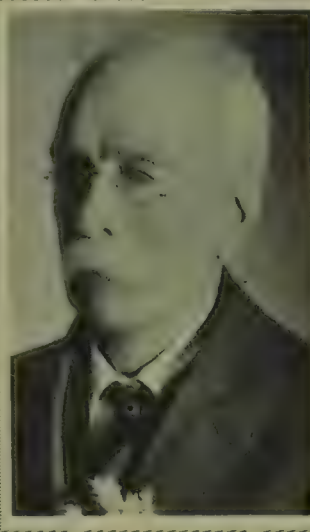
EX-SUPERINTENDENT FRANCIS CARLIN.
Died, September 27. Well-known as one of the original four area Superintendents attached to the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard.



GENERAL SIR BRYAN MAHON.
Died, September 24, aged sixty-eight. Relieved Mafeking. First Commander-in-Chief of the Salonika Force. Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland.



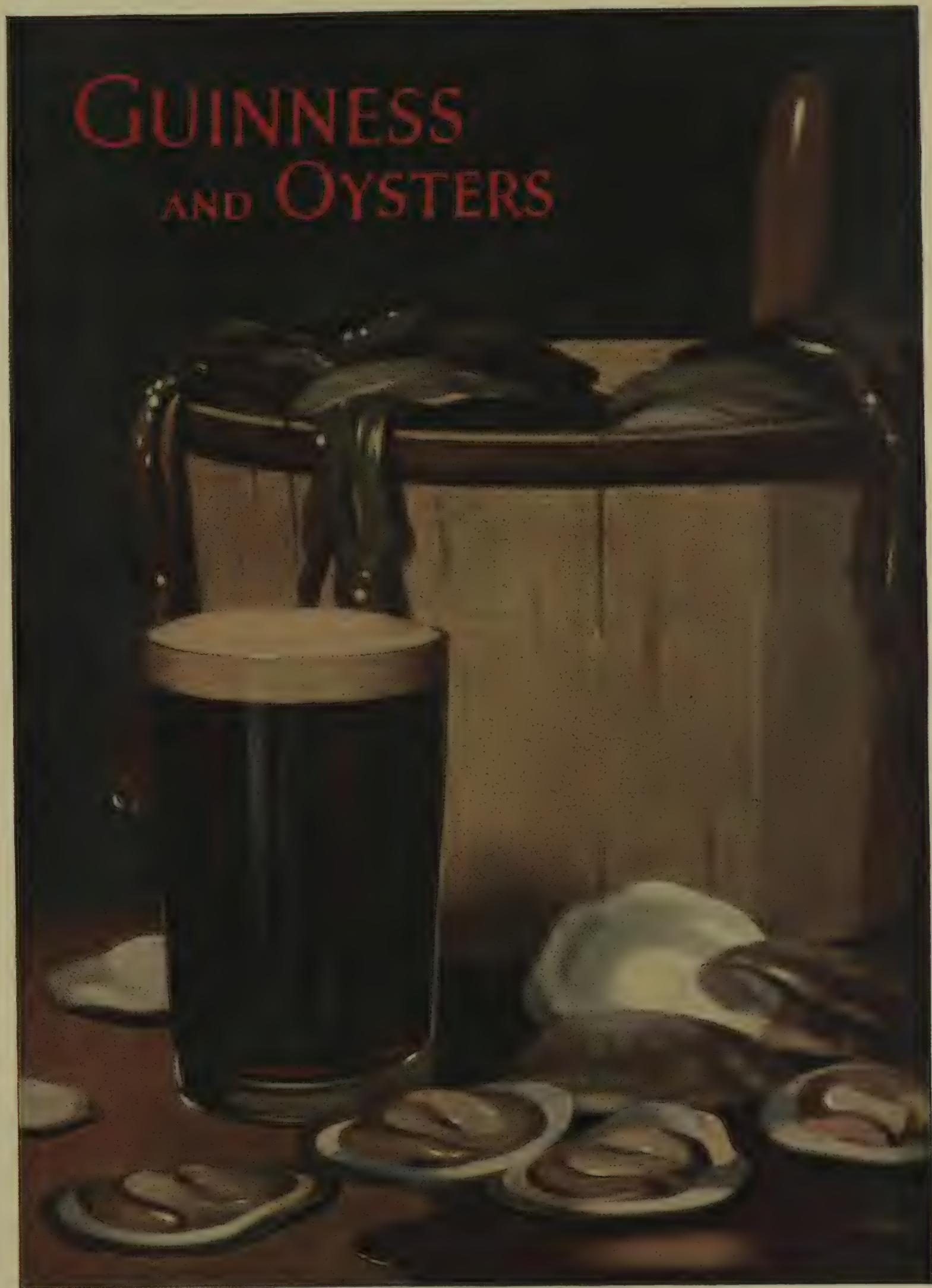
MR. PETT RIDGE.
Died, September 30, aged seventy-one. Well-known novelist and writer of numerous "Cockney" stories and sketches, including some published in "The Illustrated London News."



DR. A. S. WAY.
Died, September 25, aged eighty-three. Great verse translator of classical poetry, including Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Theocritus. Translated Nibelung Lay and Song of Roland.

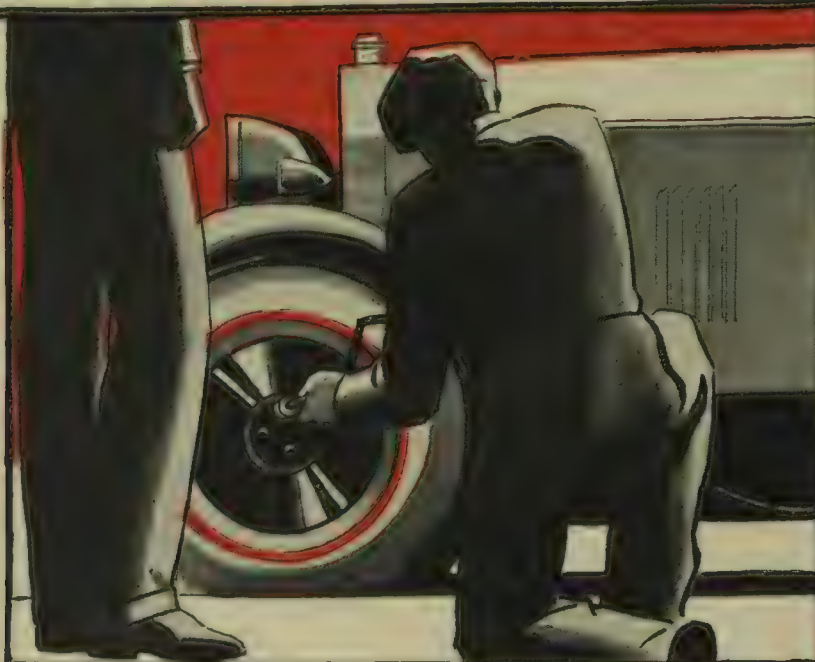


MR. FREDERICK J. BENSON.
Died, September 25, aged fifty-five. Financier and well-known race-horse owner for over twenty years. Chairman of Brazilian, Canadian and General Trust, and director of two other companies.



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EXQUISITE PERSIAN ART IN METAL, WOOD, AND LEATHER.

SOME NOTABLE EXAMPLES FOR THE COMING EXHIBITION.



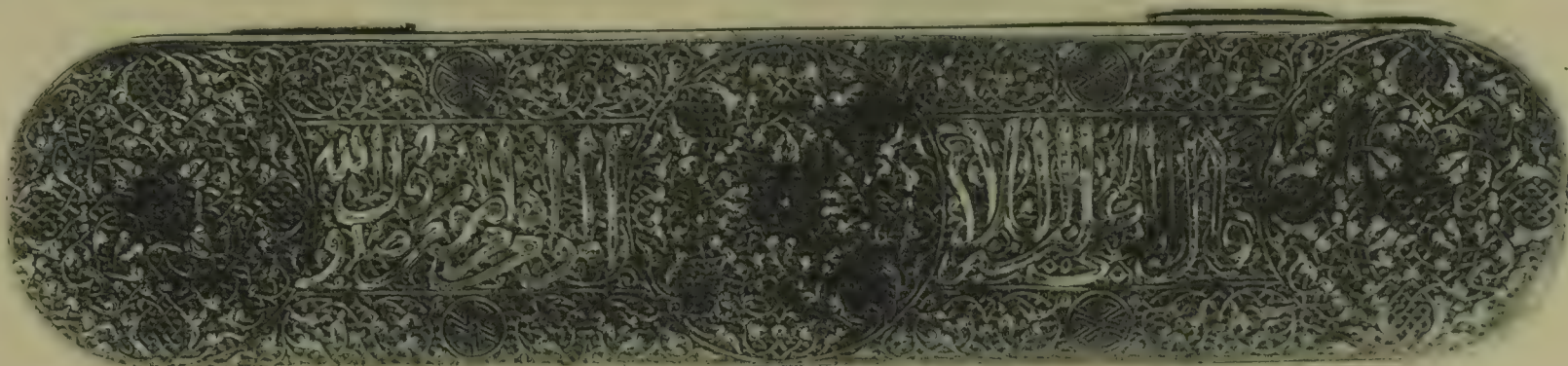
AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE CANDLESTICK, DATED: AN EXHIBIT TO COME FROM AN AMERICAN PRIVATE COLLECTION.



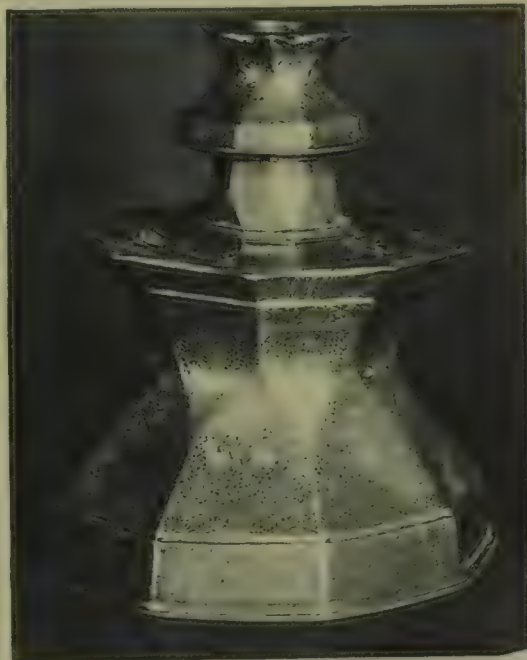
A PIERCED BRONZE CANDLESTICK FROM RAY (RHAGES) OF THE TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH CENTURY: TO BE LENT BY THE INSTITUTE OF ARTS, DETROIT.



CARVED WOODEN MOSQUE DOORS DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A TREASURE FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT TEHERAN.



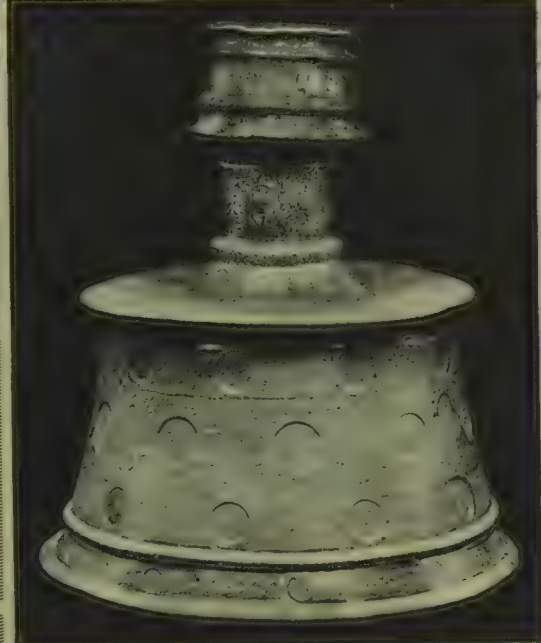
AN ENGRAVED BRONZE PEN-BOX, INLAID WITH SILVER AND GOLD, DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A TREASURE FROM THE HINDAMIAN COLLECTION, IN PARIS, TO BE INCLUDED IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PERSIAN ART TO BE HELD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A BRONZE CANDLESTICK INLAID WITH SILVER—PROBABLY HAMADAN, NINETEENTH CENTURY: A FINE EXAMPLE FOR THE EXHIBITION.



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF PERSIAN BINDING: AN EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK-COVER IN CARVED LEATHER. (INDJODJIAN, PARIS.)



A GOLD AND SILVER INLAID CANDLESTICK SIGNED BY AN ARTIST FROM SHIRAZ AND DATED 1359: A TEST PIECE FOR DISTINGUISHING PERSIAN ART.

In view of the great interest aroused, among connoisseurs and collectors, in the forthcoming International Exhibition of Persian Art, to be held at the Royal Academy in January and February, we have for some weeks past, as our readers will remember, given a succession of illustrations and articles bearing on the subject. To these we now add the above photographs of some particularly fine specimens of Persian craftsmanship, in metal-work, carving, and book-binding, lent by various owners, which will be on view at Burlington House. In an official announcement regarding the exhibition, we read: "Few countries can boast of so long a history as Persia, and the exhibits will cover a period of several thousands of years. Examples of

the art of the far-off days when Darius was king, and of an even earlier age, will commence a series which passes through the camps of Alexander and the Courts of Harun-al-Rashid to the Palace of the great Shah Abbas and his successors. To bring to life again the art of this romantic past, the most important museums and collectors throughout the world have generously co-operated. The Shah has authorised the loan of objects from the Imperial Palaces and Treasury, and even from famous mosques which no European may enter. The exhibition will give students of art a unique opportunity; while the general public will find translated into reality the setting of childhood's dreams—the world of the Arabian Nights."

A GREAT DISCOVERY OF ROMAN GLASS.

UNPRECEDENTED TREASURES FOUND AT COLOGNE: EVIDENCE OF AN IMPORTANT GLASS-MAKING INDUSTRY THERE UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

By Dr. FRITZ FREMERSDORF, Head of the Roman Section of the Wallraf-Richartz Museum at Cologne, and Director of the Excavations. (See Illustrations opposite and on Pages 590 and 591.)

The following article deals authoritatively with the very important archaeological discoveries recently made at Cologne; in particular, an unprecedented treasure of Roman glass-ware.

In sequel to the photographs given in the present issue, many other "finds" of great interest will shortly be illustrated in a future issue.



AN OINTMENT-VESSEL OF DISCOLOURED GLASS, LONG DRAWN OUT, WITH VERY NARROW MOUTH. (ROMAN, EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)

Not until a considerable depth was reached from the street were interments of actual bodies found, most of them formerly contained in wooden coffins, but in numerous instances (more than thirty) placed in large stone sarcophagi. The latter had been pillaged, without exception, during the time of the migrations of peoples, and only in a few cases contained meagre remains of former articles of great value. In addition, however, there were exposed two large burial vaults, one of which contained two interments; while the other was also arranged in several storeys, with a number of niches which could no longer be determined. Most of the interments were in an east-to-west direction; in the back portion of the site a large number of burials were found which had been added in a north-to-south direction, looking partly to the south and partly to the north. It can hardly be doubted that we have here to do with members of a particular religious

At two points on the great Roman main road from Cologne to Bonn, which was in Roman times the principal avenue of tombs (the "Via Appia" of Cologne, as it were), thorough investigations have been carried out during the past few months by the Roman Department of the Wallraf-Richartz Museum, and have brought to light at one place more than 100 graves; and at another more than 300. The entire area has been covered with modern buildings since the Middle Ages, so that those engaged in the work of excavation did not have an entirely free hand, but were compelled to make due allowance for existing houses. Above all, it was not possible to get at the oldest graves, which, of course, in the nature of things, must lie directly adjoining the road. Only at some distance from the road itself were found graves of the late first century, which contained the remains of the dead in incinerated form, and also succeeding graves of the second and third centuries.



A "PIG-STICKING" SCENE ON ROMAN GLASS: A GREENISH DISH REPRESENTING A BOAR HUNT. (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)

The hunter is shown wearing a hooded cloak and wielding a long spear. Round the margin is a Latin inscription—"Escipe me: placebo tibi."

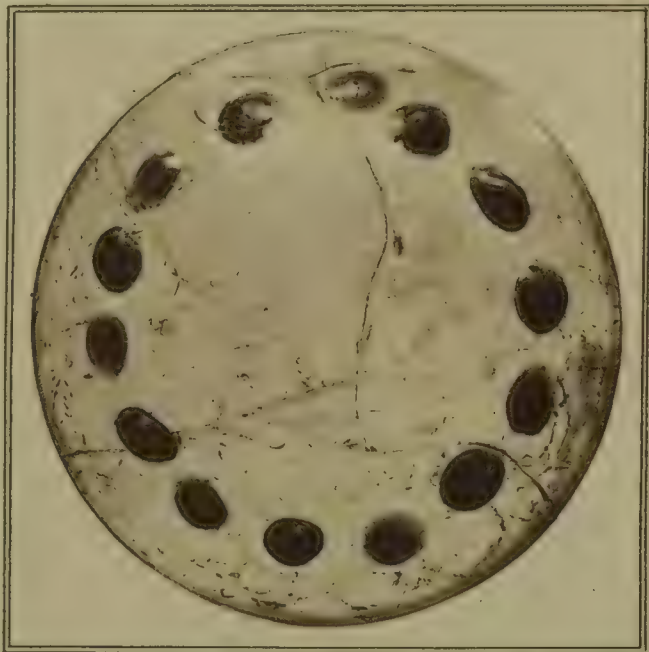
community who interred their dead in a special manner in this cemetery.

In the second site the graves are, so to speak, superposed in layers; in the deeper part were incinerated interments of the late first and second century, and above them heavy stone sarcophagi in an unaltered state, but all of them without accessories, indicating burials of members of a Christian community which had its centre at this point. In the uppermost stratum, above the sarcophagi, there came to light numerous graves composed of single slabs which contained relics dating back to the sixth century of the present era; that is to say, Frankish funerals.

The number of relics recovered is exceedingly great, that of glass-ware specimens alone amounting to about 150, and that of ceramics totalling many hundreds. Articles of household equipment frequently observed elsewhere often recur here, such as small jugs with handles, plain ointment-bottles, clay lamps, and so on. In quite a number of cases, however, a particularly rich outfit was

found: ceramics of special beauty—among others, black varnished drinking-cups with drinking mottoes painted on them in white were brought up—and also numerous examples of glass particularly magnificent in style. Especially charming are some small blue ointment-bottles in which the handle and the foot, and the filaments which encircle the sides, are laid on in opaque white glass. Others which show variegated bosses were designed to produce a splendid effect, if we remember that these receptacles were formerly quite transparent and were filled with gold and yellow wine. Other glasses are shaped in naturalistic form, such as animals of various kinds. Others, again—and these are the majority—show various ground patterns in facets and engraving work, and are among the best specimens of the celebrated Roman glass-grinding art here on the Rhine. But all are excelled by a number of dishes with ground figure-images representing scenes from life, such as boar-hunting or pictures from mythology, including the contest between Apollo and Marsyas.

Apart from the glass and clay implements, numerous other things have been brought to light: coins, a big medallion of the Emperor Gordian in excellent preservation, a small ivory box, clay masks, a cut semi-precious stone in the form of a mask, and, above all, numerous ornaments of turned bone, lignite, and jet. Pre-eminent among these is a medallion with the portrait of a married couple of the fourth century. In quite a number of cases the so-called Mithras symbol was observed; small articles of metal, such as lizards, snakes, frogs, scales, hatchets, keys, and so on, which are, no doubt, to be viewed



AN ARCHED GLASS DISH, ENTIRELY DISCOLOURED, WITH A RING OF GREY AND BROWN BOSSES. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)



THREE SMALL PERFUME-BOTTLES MADE OF ROMAN GLASS: THAT ON THE RIGHT, GREEN; THAT ON THE LEFT OF BLUE-WHITE MILLEFIORE GLASS. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)

as badges of members of the Sabazius cult. One of them shows a Syriac inscription, not yet deciphered with certainty, the first documentary proof of the close and intensive relations which must have existed in the third and fourth centuries directly between Cologne and the South and East. Most of the objects have been found in a very excellent state of preservation, because the excavation was carried out with every conceivable scientific care, and in some places conducted only with small knives and spatules. Who were the persons buried here cannot be determined with certainty, because in one single case only did one of the sarcophagi bear a large inscription, informing us that in it the daughter of a former Mayor of Roman Cologne had found her last resting-place. We can assume, however, from the exceedingly rich contents of the graves, that well-to-do people were interred at this spot.

[Continued on page 602.]

"OLD MASTERS" OF GLASS: ROMAN PARALLELS TO LATER EUROPEAN WORK.

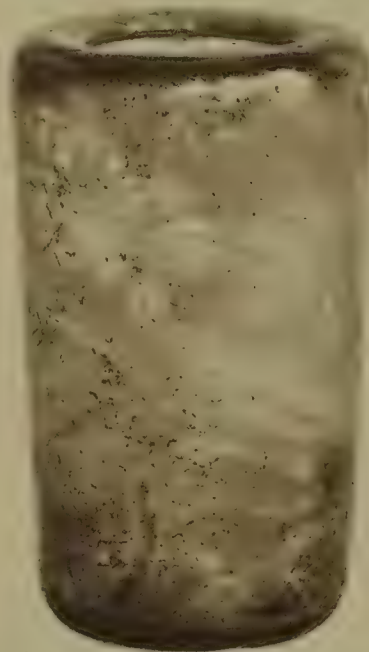
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. FRITZ FREMERSDORF. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



A CURIOUS EXAMPLE OF THE ROMAN GLASS DISCOVERED AT COLOGNE: A NATURALISTIC PERFUME-RECEPTACLE DESIGNED TO REPRESENT A COCK.



ANIMAL "SCULPTURE" IN ROMAN GLASS: A FIGURE, SLIGHTLY GREENISH, SUGGESTING A FABULOUS TYPE OF ICHNEUMON. (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)



THE FORERUNNER OF A MODERN TYPE OF BOTTLE FOR EAU-DE-COLOGNE: A CYLINDRICAL VESSEL IN ROMAN GLASS. (THIRD CENTURY.)



A PRISMATIC VESSEL OF BLUISH-GREEN ROMAN GLASS: AN EXAMPLE FROM THE COLOGNE DISCOVERIES. (SECOND CENTURY.)



WITH FLUTED PATTERN AS IN SIXTEENTH- AND SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS: A ROMAN DRINKING-CUP OF DISCOLOURED GLASS. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)



SHOWING TWO OF FIVE HUMAN FIGURES HOLDING RODS IN SHALLOW ENGRAVING: A DRINKING-CUP OF DISCOLOURED GLASS. (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)



WITH RIBBED PATTERN BLOWN FROM A NEGATIVE MOULD: A BLUISH-GREEN GLASS VASE DOUBTLESS PRODUCED IN CAMPANIA. (EARLY FIRST CENTURY.)



OF A SHAPE VERY RARE IN ROMAN GLASS-MAKING: A VASE OF BLUE-GREEN GLASS. (EARLY SECOND CENTURY.)

Roman section in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum at Cologne, describes a remarkable treasure of Roman glass-ware recently found in ancient tombs at that city, during excavations under his direction. This collection is said to surpass all previous discoveries of a similar kind. The illustrations given above and on pages 590

In his article on the opposite page, Dr. Fritz Fremersdorf, who is the head of the

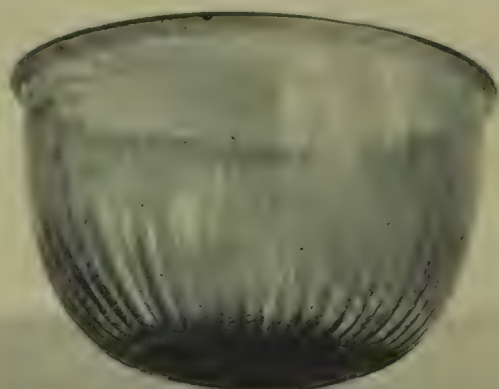
and 591 in this number afford material for an interesting comparison between

the work of the ancient Roman glass-makers, the masters of the art in antiquity, and that of mediæval craftsmen and the glass manufacture of later periods. Roman glass-makers did not restrict themselves to producing cups and other vessels, but extended their art to what may be termed a form of "animal sculpture."

**"OLD MASTERS" OF GLASS-WARE:
ROMAN PROTOTYPES OF THE ART.**



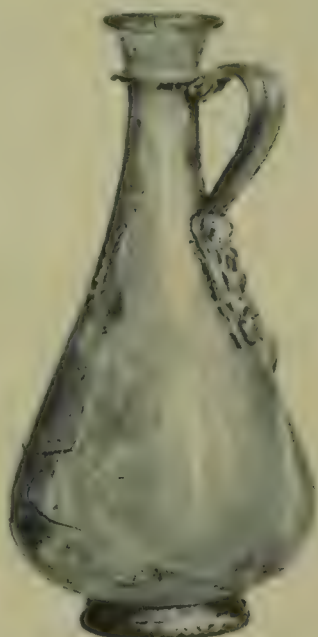
A BLUE GLASS JUG, WITH THE HANDLE AND FILAMENT PATTERN APPLIED IN OPAQUE WHITE COMPOUND. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)



A SEMI-SPHERICAL BOWL WITH A RIBBED PATTERN PRESSED FROM A HOLLOW MOULD. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)



A TWO-HANDLED BLUE GLASS JUG, WITH THE HANDLES AND FILAMENT PATTERN APPLIED IN OPAQUE WHITE COMPOUND. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)



WITH PECULIARLY SHAPED HANDLE (OF SNAKE-LIKE FORM AT THE LOWER END): A JUG OF GREENISH GLASS. (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)



A HANDSOME BARREL-SHAPED DRINKING-VESSEL OF BLUE-GREEN GLASS, WITH THE STAVES INDICATED BY GLASS FILAMENTS WOUND ROUND IT.



A TALL DRINKING-CUP MADE OF GREENISH GLASS, WITH ZONES OF INCISED AND FINELY-GROUND LINES. (FOURTH CENTURY.)



A RECEPTACLE FOR ANOINTING-OIL: A SHALLOW, FLAT VESSEL WITH A PAIR OF SLENDER ORNAMENTED HANDLES.



A JUG WITH COMPRESSED MOUTH, COPIED FROM A METAL MODEL, AS SHOWN BY THE THUMB-PIECE ON THE HANDLE. (EARLY SECOND CENTURY.)



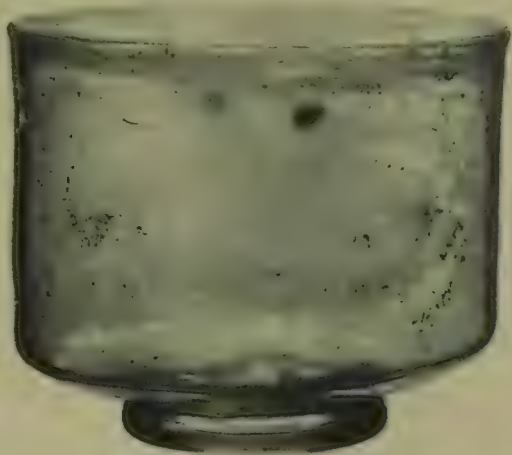
AN EXAMPLE OF ROMAN GLASS-WARE IN BLUISH-GREEN: A JUG WITH A HANDLE OF RIBBON-LIKE DESIGN. (LATE FIRST CENTURY.)

The photographs on this and the opposite page illustrate Dr. Fritz Fremersdorf's remarkably interesting article (on page 588) on the great discovery of Roman glass recently made during excavations conducted by him at Cologne, where the "finds" are now exhibited in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum. The fragile and delicate glass objects found had to be dug out, inch by inch, with pocket-knives

and other implements. As the photographs show, they present great variety in form and in method of manufacture. Among them are vessels of cut glass with figurative designs, vases of pressed glass imitating cut glass, and bowls with a boar's head incised with flint. Rarest of all are vessels combining blue with a beautiful opaque white, which reveal extraordinary technical skill.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. FRITZ FREMERSDORF. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 588)

MASTERPIECES OF ROMAN GLASS: A UNIQUE TREASURE FROM COLOGNE.



WITH PERPENDICULAR "SIDES" AND STANDING ON A FOOT: A CUP MADE OF SLIGHTLY GREENISH GLASS. (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)



A SMALL JUG OF BLUE GLASS WITH A LOOPED HANDLE: A VESSEL USED AS A RECEPTACLE FOR PERFUME. (LATE THIRD CENTURY.)

EXAMPLES FOR COMPARISON WITH LATER GLASS IN EUROPE.



OF A SHAPE THAT ALSO OCCURS IN LARGE CINERARY URNS: A ROUND BOWL OF BLUISH-GREEN GLASS. (SECOND CENTURY.)



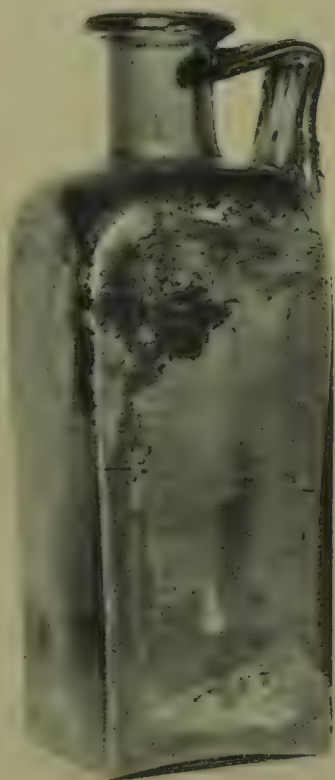
A MAGNIFICENT AMPHORA OF GREENISH GLASS, COVERED WITH RICH PATTERNS BY FACET-GRINDING. (FOURTH CENTURY; HEIGHT, 28.5 CM.)



WITH A HANDLE OF THE SO-CALLED "COMBED" DESIGN: A CYLINDRICAL JUG OF DISCOLOURED GLASS. (EARLY FOURTH CENTURY.)

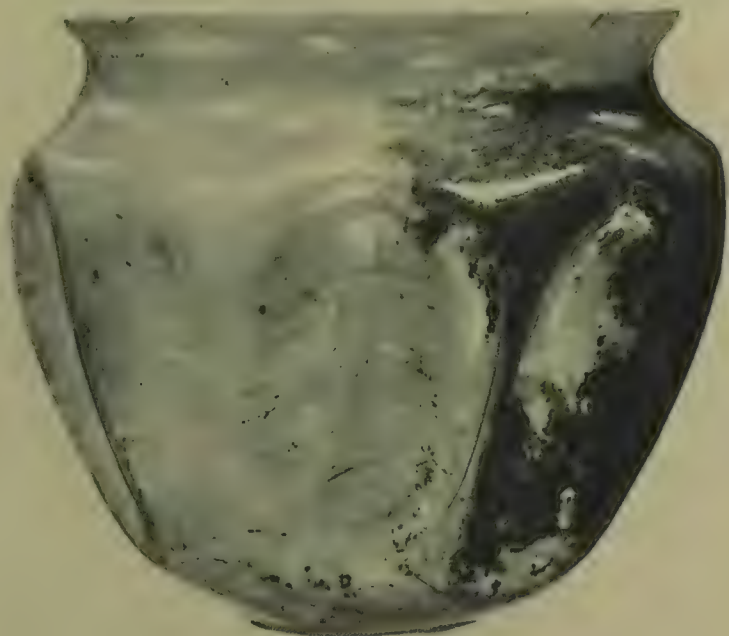


DECORATED WITH RICHLY CUT PATTERNS IN FACET-GRINDING WORK: A CYLINDRICAL BOTTLE OF GREENISH GLASS. (FOURTH CENTURY; HEIGHT, 25 CM.)



A TALL BOTTLE-SHAPED JUG OF PRISMATIC GLASS IN BLUISH-GREEN: AN EXAMPLE DATING FROM ABOUT 100 A.D.

THE discoveries at Cologne described by Dr. Fremersdorf (on page 588), and illustrated here and on other pages, are held to prove that in Roman times the city, which was in those days known by the formidable name of Colonia Claudia Augusta Agrippinensis, was one of the chief centres of the glass-making industry in the Roman Empire. The discoveries were made in three different strata of graves, two of which contained Roman burials, and the upper stratum—distinct from the others—Frankish tombs of the sixth century. One of these latter, it may be mentioned, contained a dagger and silver earrings. Besides the numerous examples of Roman glass found in the earlier tombs, there were some Roman drinking-vessels of terra-cotta bearing such inscriptions as "Sume" ("Take"), "Misce" ("Mix"), "Vivas" ("May you live"), "Frui" ("Enjoy"), and "Salve" ("Hail!"). Another and longer Latin inscription is seen on a glass dish illustrated on page 588 of this number.



A REMARKABLE "FLUTED" FORM: A FINELY MOULDED DRINKING-BOWL MADE ENTIRELY OF DISCOLOURED GLASS. (THIRD CENTURY.)



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

KUAN-YIN, THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the name of Padmapani, or The Lotus-Bearer, and even to-day he is supposed to be incarnate in the Dalai-Lama.

Now, scholars seem to differ as to when and where Avalokitesvara became transformed into a woman. It is possible that this transformation had already been effected in India before Buddhism came to China. What is certain is that by the twelfth century A.D., Kuan-Yin, the counterpart of the Indo-Tibetan god, was female, and as such appealed to the hearts of multitudes of devout believers. The learned have spilt a good deal of ink in discussing the why and wherefore of this metamorphosis: the rest of us will perhaps find nothing so very extraordinary in a highly civilised people like the Chinese identifying the idea of compassion and mercy and the giving of children with a feminine being. It is remarkable how the learned will often disintegrate several haystacks in order to find the needle that is lying before them on the



FIG. 2. A GODDESS WHO, IT IS THOUGHT, MAY HAVE BEEN EVOLVED FROM AN INDO-TIBETAN GOD WITH A THOUSAND ARMS! A LATE-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FIGURE OF KUAN-YIN, THE CHINESE GODDESS OF MERCY.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. C. Collier and Sons.



FIG. 3. KUAN-YIN, WHO CONDUCTS DEVOUT BUDDHISTS OVER THE SEAS OF HUMAN SORROW TO THE WESTERN PARADISE: A TURQUOISE-BLUE AND AUBERGINE POTTERY FIGURE OF THE MING DYNASTY.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Bluett and Sons.

devout Buddhists over the seas of human sorrow to the Western Paradise, and she is the Universal Saviour of all living beings. Here is a translation from the Lotus of the Good Law: "Though there were countless millions of creatures in the universe, all suffering from the miseries of human life, they need but invoke this name of Kuan-Yin; the goddess, immediately perceiving the sounds of the voice so pronounced, shall deliver them all, be it from fire, sharp swords, raging torrents, thunder and lightning, venomous snakes, wild beasts, prison, robbers, enemies, and demons of all kinds." She is also a sea goddess, the object of every pious sailor's devotions.

In course of time this sympathetic and powerful deity, thanks partly, no doubt, to priestly ingenuity, became identified in the popular mind with the legendary Chinese princess Miao-Shen, who, with an engaging disregard of chronology, is said to have lived nearly two thousand years before the birth of Buddha, but who none the less lived an exemplary life of devotion and attained to deification by the pursuit of every Buddhist virtue. This engaging legend is of considerable length—much too leisurely a narrative to reproduce here. It is the story of a princess who renounced the pleasures of the world, shut herself up in a monastery, was executed by her father for disobedience, went down to Hades and brought such comfort to the damned that the registrar of the underworld presented a petition to the ruler of Hades stating that "since the arrival of Miao-Shen in the Land of Shades all suffering had disappeared and the tortured victims were filled with joy . . . you must therefore have Miao-Shen sent back to earth without delay, or else there will be no further Hades here," together with many other marvellous and edifying happenings. The story is quite charming in itself, but the point lies not in its imaginative and narrative power, but in the proof afforded by it that Kuan-Yin, the Indian goddess, was by the eleventh or twelfth century accepted as a historical Chinese personage and not a foreign emigrant.

I rather lightheartedly promised one enquirer to publish in this article the various forms in which the goddess is represented. It was a foolish promise. On P'u-t'o island—her chief shrine on Chinese territory—is her image, brought from Tibet, and so scantily clothed in lotus leaves that the horrified Chinese monks dressed her in a silk cloak—and along the walls are arranged no fewer than thirty-two different images, representing her various metamorphoses. The following, however, are the more usual attributes by which, among other things, she can be recognised.

(1) With a willow branch, with which she sprinkles about her the divine nectar of life. (2) With the ambrosia vase, used to sprinkle the water of life on pious worshippers. (This, presumably, is the vase she is holding in the fine Ming statuette of Fig. 3—turquoise and aubergine glazes.) (3) With the prayer roll in her hand. (4) With the necklace or rosary. (5) With the fish-basket (Fig. 2). This refers to the Miao-Shen legend: the son of the Dragon King took the form of a carp, was caught by a fisherman, and exposed for sale. Miao-Shen sent her servant to purchase the fish and set it at liberty.

The interplay of legend, of purely Chinese and purely foreign sentiment, of late and early religious tendencies, make the whole question of Kuan-Yin's true position among the deities of China one of extraordinary complication. I am afraid this short note is by no means exhaustive—it is, however, to the best of my belief, accurate as far as one ever can be accurate in dealing with the religious concepts of a people so different from ourselves. Those who care to delve further into the subject will find a frankly biased, but exceedingly valuable, account in "Researches into Chinese Superstitions," by Henry Doré, a French Jesuit missionary—an account of many phases of Chinese religious thought published in Shanghai in 1920.



FIG. 4. KUAN-YIN, THE CHINESE GODDESS WHO HAS BEEN COMPARED WITH THE CHRISTIAN MADONNA: A PAINTED WOODEN FIGURE OF THE SUNG DYNASTY.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Bluett and Sons.

IT is possible to speculate endlessly over the obscure but compelling desires of man which make him create a multitude of deities in his own image and designed to comfort and assuage his soul in the manifold perils of life. Each race unconsciously evolves its own notions of the gods, whose only common denominator would seem to be the instinctive fear of their worshippers before the unknown. Yet to Western eyes there is in the finest of the Chinese representations of the gods a quality of—shall we say?—scepticism, which makes them doubly attractive. The form can be noble, the expression subtle and intelligent, and yet somewhere, lurking in the corners of the mouth or beneath the downcast eyelids, is a strange hint of wonder as to whether all this to-do about the pursuit of holiness is really worth while. Let us—some of the gods seem to say—let us indulge these poor creatures in their dreams; it pleases them beyond measure; we, for our part, know that dreams are but dreams. No wonder our smiles are there for the comprehension of the truly educated; no wonder the Ming Dynasty potter sometimes makes us look like a caricature of Queen Victoria by Max Beerbohm!

Of all the deities of China the most popular—and not only among her own people—is the Goddess of Mercy, Kuan-Yin. This article, indeed, is written in response to several letters from readers who have been kind enough to express their appreciation of previous talks on Chinese folk-lore which have appeared recently on this page. It is quite obvious that the majority quite frankly identify the goddess with the Christian Madonna, particularly

when, as in so many porcelain statuettes, she is holding a child in her arms. The identification does credit to my various correspondents' sensitiveness, for Kuan-Yin is a personage of very great dignity and grace; but the facts warrant no more than the most sentimental sort of analogy.

The Kuan-Yin best known to Europe is the Kuan-Yin of the beautiful Fukien porcelain, the *blanc de Chine* which has for so long been justly admired as perhaps the finest white porcelain ever made. Possibly there are a few specimens in European collections which date from before 1650, but in the main—apart, of course, from innumerable modern examples—the majority of these representations of the goddess date from the eighteenth century. (Fig. 1 about the middle, and Fig. 2 quite at the end of the century.) This, then, is the Kuan-Yin that is most admired in



FIG. 1. A STATUE OF THE CHINESE GODDESS OF MERCY, KUAN-YIN, WITH HER TYPICAL EXPRESSION OF "BENIGNANT SUBTLETY": AN EARLY EXAMPLE IN WHITE PORCELAIN.

Photograph Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. C. Collier and Sons.

the average European home—a lady of great refinement, with flowing, beautifully-modelled draperies, the elongated ear-lobes denoting Buddhist sainthood, a full face, downcast eyes, and that expression of benignant subtlety which seems to me to be the mark of almost all Chinese religious art.

What of her past? I wish it were possible to give her a more respectable ancestry, but I am afraid there is nothing for it but to admit that she started her career as an Indo-Tibetan male deity, Avalokitesvara, who had eleven heads and one thousand arms. Buddhism, in its debased form, entered Tibet about 640 B.C., and this many-headed god, "The Lord that looks down from on high, He who has pity on all beings, the All-pitying One, The Lord of Mercy," achieved a speedy popularity under



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The full descriptive programme, “Blue and Gold Tours,” will be sent, post free, on request. Apply: The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2, and the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE FAR-OFF HILLS," AT THE CRITERION.

"THE Far-Off Hills," as a title, has such a wistful air that it might have been a self-consciously gloomy masterpiece by W. B. Yeats instead of a rollicking comedy by Lennox Robinson, comparable to "The Farmer's Wife." The far-off hills are ever green is the delightfully Irish way of saying that distance lends enchantment to the view. The Clancys and their friends all desire what they feel they can never attain. Marian (Natalie Moya), tied to her semi-blind father and two younger sisters, yearns to be a nun . . . until the vocation becomes possible, when she realises that what she imagined was self-sacrifice on her part was actually a passion for running a home. The sad-eyed Harold Mahony (Tony Quinn) sighs for Marian's hand, while his wife is the inmate of a lunatic asylum; but, when her death releases him, he discovers that a state of depressed bachelorhood would bring him the greater joy. Ellen Nolan, the maid (a highly humorous performance by Una O'Connor), loves every man at sight and despises him upon introduction. This light comedy is a mere trifle, tossed off—as Mr. Lennox Robinson admitted himself—in an idle moment, but the Irish accent and the brilliant team-work blind us to its defects. Miss Cathleen Drago, with the jolliest laugh heard for years, scores as a would-be farmer's wife. Miss Helena Pickard and Miss Joyce Chancellor are delightful as the two younger sisters, the scene in their bed-room being a triumph they are entitled to share with the author. Messrs. Fred O'Donovan, J. A. O'Rourke, and Harry Hutchinson, in addition to those already mentioned, give excellent performances.

"THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET," AT THE QUEEN'S.

If it were not that one trusted Mr. Rudolf Besier to be sure of his facts, it would be difficult to believe that so gloomy a house as this existed even in the Victorian era. Only Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's art prevents Edward Moulton-Barrett from being a caricature rather than a character. A gloomy figure, wearing a hair-shirt to chasten his sex-tormented soul, he will live long in the memory. That truth (to be sententious) is stranger than fiction is proved by the fact that Elizabeth, a semi-invalid, crushed for years

beneath her father's rod of iron, found courage to elope, at the age of forty, with Robert Browning. Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies, if looking a trifle too young and blooming for the character, was admirable in the rôle. Mr. Scott Sunderland may have been true to life, but certainly not to fancy, as the poet. A trifle too vigorous throughout, his love scenes carried no conviction. Miss Joan Barry played the difficult rôle of the affected niece, who aroused her uncle's amorous desires, with great tact. Miss Marjorie Mars was excellent as the only child with the courage to defy her father to his face. This is a play that can be thoroughly recommended to lovers of the serious drama. The unpleasant suggestions, that aroused such discussion on the play's production at Malvern, have been so toned down that they could well, without affecting the interest, be deleted altogether.

"PRIVATE LIVES," AT THE PHOENIX.

Mr. Noel Coward's light comedy is a gay, cynical affair, yet withal containing an element of truth as regards married relationship, even though it borders at moments on burlesque. Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Noel Coward play the divorced couple with such humour that it is quite possible to believe that, meeting again while on their honeymoon with different partners, they decide to make it up and elope to Paris, leaving their latest mates to console each other. The second act is entirely a duologue; their bickerings, their making-up, their jealousies, their intense desire to be tolerant of each other's failings, winding up in a quarrel that finds them biting and scratching on the floor (just as their respective husband and wife come to seek them out in the love-nest they are presumed to have made for themselves), are pure joy. The third act adorns the tale, if it does not point the moral. It suggests that most couples quarrel more or less violently; suddenly realising this, when Miss Adrienne Allen and Mr. Laurence Olivier start bickering, the other pair take advantage of the fracas, and steal away; presumably of the opinion that it is better to live tumultuously with a person you love than in perfect amity with one whom you despise. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, at the first attempt, proves herself to be inferior to no comédienne of her own generation. Mr. Noel Coward, in a rôle that suits him perfectly, gives a performance worthy of the part. Both as author and actor,

Mr. Coward has every reason to be satisfied with himself. "Private Lives" should give the Phoenix the unique distinction of being the only new theatre for many years to open to a roaring success.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 568.)

a jealous husband may murder his wife. Meanwhile the street life carries on; children play in the gutter while Mrs. Nosey Parker and Mrs. Grundy, in whispers, excite suspicion and undo reputations as sounds of a piano and a cornet, as it were, score all these events in unmelodious cacophony. It lies also in the wonderful types who people the narrow thoroughfare—types of the passers-by in daily life here crystallised into a small community—the optimist, the philosopher, the Jew and the Gentile, the Lothario and the harlot, the highly respectable worker and the idler living on his wits or on the dole. A motley world withal in the turmoil of the battle of life—some victorious, some destined to go under, some drifting like the flotsam and jetsam of the seas, some rising from dire poverty to fortune dreamed of by all but vouchsafed to the fewest by chance or an iron will. Over it all there hovers a strange air of mystery. We mainly see these folk in the street; we can only guess or speculate what happens behind these walls, behind these half-opened windows or these closely-drawn curtains; only now and again, when there is a brawl or the wild cry of an untoward occurrence—maybe a fight or a murder—we see the whole population agog, just as we see a concourse of humanity when an accident occurs on the highway. But soon the troubled waters become becalmed; the police and an ambulance make an end of the nine days' wonder; the world goes on as it went before. As night falls, the veil of mystery is drawn over the house, the shuttered windows; silence reigns but for the undertones of a loving couple in a recess, the heavy step of a policeman. In the far distance the din of the great city goes on for ever. We are spellbound by the atmosphere and the contrast. We think of old days, "The Lights of London," and George R. Sims's lines—

What features lie within you, oh! lights of London town.

The rest is reflection.

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THE perfect success of any social affair depends on atmosphere. To obtain this when dining, nothing is so important as the decoration and the lighting of the table.

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For burning on the dining-table we specially recommend "Nell Gwynn" 'ANTIQUE' Candles; these taper artistically throughout their length, and being solid dyed, not surface tinted, the candle cup is of the same colour as the candle itself.

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"Nell Gwynn" Candles possess wonderful decorative value; they are slender and lovely in shape and are made in 36 different hues to tone with any colour-scheme. They will bring a much-wanted touch of colour to gloomy winter rooms.

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For further information, please write for a delightful free booklet with coloured illustrations called "Lights of Other days," J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. "E," London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

ALDWYCH.



London's leading Hostesses, including the Countess of Oxford & Asquith, dine by "Nell Gwynn" candle-light.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—CI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

THOUGH I have spent many years trying to attain additional speed on the water, and am interested in the subject still, I am unable in these hard times to afford the cost of speed, especially when it is applied to cruising craft. Strangers have accused me unjustly of being averse to fast cruisers, but I favour such craft, providing their running costs are not excessive.

To attain speed in any small boat necessitates, of course, a hull that will "plane"; in other words, a stepped hydroplane, or a vessel having a hard chine and of the semi-displacement type. In America there are many large cruisers of the latter kind, but in this country few have been built over 30 ft. long, and it has never been my fortune to try a larger one of British manufacture. I have now done so, for a few days ago I tried out the *Crusader*, which has been designed by Mr. Fred Cooper (the designer of *Miss England II*.) and built for Messrs. Arthur Bray, Ltd., by Messrs. Saunders Roe, Ltd., of Cowes. This boat appears to be the largest of her type that has been built in England, and is therefore of special interest. Her over-all length is 39½ ft., and the beam 10 ft. 4 in., while she displaces 8 tons when her fuel- and water-tanks are full and six persons are on board. Her Thames measurement tonnage is 15.7 tons, and her draught 2 ft. 9 in. She is, therefore, a big lump of a boat to drive at any speed, so it is not surprising that the two Lycoming engines that have been installed develop together approximately 220 h.p. This means that her power-weight ratio is about 8½ lb., or that every h.p. developed by the engines has to drive along 8½ lb. That she

can attain a speed of 19 knots (22 m.p.h.) with such a load reflects credit on her designer, for with half this weight a good stepped type hydroplane (known to be the best type of hull for speed) will not exceed 35 knots.

To drive a heavy weight at high speed requires ample power and necessitates much expenditure of fuel, so the consumption by *Crusader* of 17 gallons per hour at full speed (22 m.p.h.), 10½ gallons at 18 m.p.h. (15.6 knots), and 6 gallons at 12 m.p.h. (10.4 knots), cannot be looked upon as excessive for this class of boat. It may appear otherwise at first sight, but,



THE "CRUSADER"—CONSTRUCTED BY MESSRS. SAUNDERS ROE, LTD., AT A COST OF £2150: A CRAFT, CAPABLE OF A SPEED OF 19 KNOTS, WHICH IS CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST SEMI-DISPLACEMENT EXPRESS CRUISER YET BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY.

when divided between the six persons (and their belongings) that the vessel will carry, it is not great. This boat is the first of her size that I have seen having two staircases, complete with banisters. They lead from the exceptionally large covered-in wheelhouse to the cabins forward and aft. Under the wheelhouse deck are the engines, which run wonderfully smoothly. How much of the lack of vibration is due to the engines and the cutless rubber bearings on the propeller-shafts, and how much to the sturdiness of the vessel, it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that there is a very distinct feeling of solidity throughout the whole ship, even when the engines

are running at their maximum number of revolutions.

The accommodation is interesting, for it has been designed with a view to making each end of the boat self-contained. Right forward is the cable locker and a store, and abaft them the forward cockpit. I came to criticise this cockpit as being liable to endanger the ship by becoming full of water when the vessel "plugged" into a heavy sea. There seems no danger of this, however, for means have been provided whereby it can be closed down and made water-tight; whilst in emergency it provides

sleeping-accommodation for a paid hand or extra guest. Aft this cockpit is the saloon, which, like all the rest of the cabin-space, has over 6 ft. head-room and is well ventilated. It has two settees, and has been designed for use as a sleeping-cabin when required. At the after end of the saloon is a short alley-way to the wheelhouse, with the galley to port and a toilet-room to starboard. If I owned this boat, I should make the wheelhouse into the saloon, and the present saloon into a permanent sleeping-cabin, for the former is the great feature of the ship, being very large and

comfortable. At the after end of the wheelhouse is the second staircase, which leads into the after sleeping-cabin, which has a suit-case store on the port side abaft it and a toilet-room on the starboard.

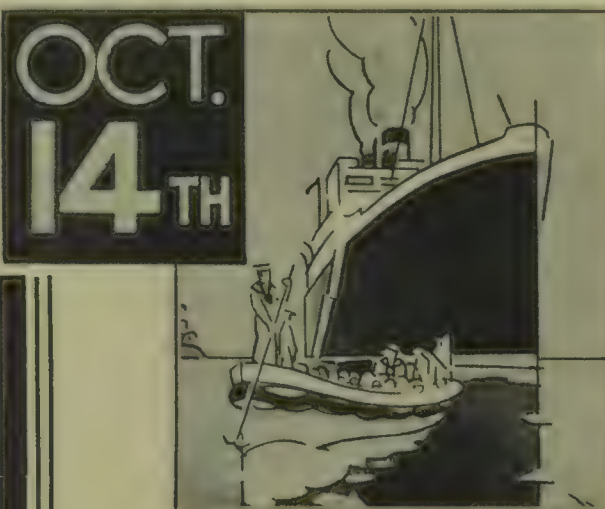
Very complete bilge-pumping arrangements have been installed in this craft, and, in addition, the plumbing outfit is good. I was unable to try her in a rough sea, so am unable to say what she is like as a sea-boat. She certainly behaved as a perfect lady in Southampton Water, and appeared to be a thoroughly stable vessel, and became more so as the speed increased.

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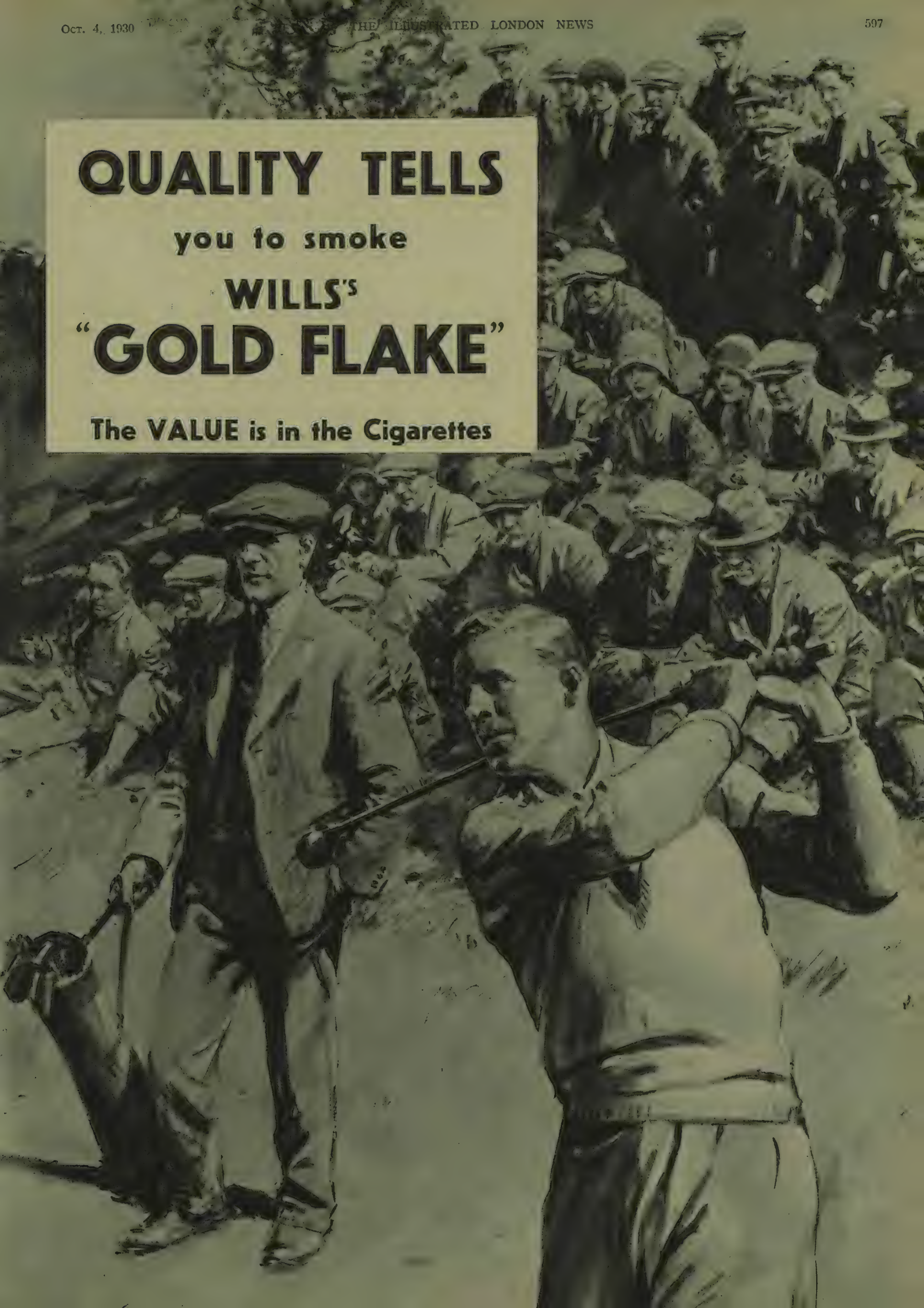
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A ROMANCE OF SEA TRAVEL.

IN the old days, it needed a certain amount of courage to undertake the adventure of a long cruise on the sea. Sailing-vessels were not the most comfortable things in the world, and, apart from the dangers of wreck and the certainty of being affected

whilst five new vessels were being built at the ship-building yards at Monfalcone.

The rapid strides of the company towards its present position were interrupted by the World War, when many of the ships were captured, torpedoed, or otherwise destroyed. The end of the war, however, marked the beginning of a great era of reconstruction and expansion. The most recent achievement of the company has been the construction of the two giant motor-vessels *Saturnia* and *Vulcania*, christened by two Princesses of Savoie. These two magnificent ships are conspicuous among motor-vessels for their speed, their beauty, and the luxury of their accommodation. The most modern devices have been installed to secure the comfort and safety of passengers and crew.

The *Saturnia*, with its nine decks, like the storeys of a giant building, is extremely beautiful. A fine architectural scheme has been followed throughout all the public rooms, which have an atmosphere of luxury and comfort. The

splendid proportions of the early eighteenth-century ball-room (illustrated here) and the graceful beauty of the Pompeian swimming-pool, must appeal to every lover of art. Neither is anything lacking in the furnishing and equipment of the private rooms; nearly every cabin is "outside," with hot and cold running water, telephone, and the most up-to-date lighting, ventilating, heating, and cooling systems. One entire deck is given over to suites with private bath-rooms and with verandahs overlooking the sea, and 125 rooms have each a private bath. Every apartment is artistically decorated, and the works of some of the most famous Italian artists cover

the walls. The deck verandah is particularly lovely. Passengers are provided with every type of deck game or amusement they can desire. The gymnasiums are well fitted, the swimming-pool is one of the finest on any ship, and midnight bathing-parties are often arranged therein. The ship's library is large and up to date, and there is even a cinema on board for the benefit of those who like to spend their evenings at the "movies."

The route of the Cosulich line is particularly interesting. The boats coast along the Adriatic and Mediterranean shores, by the flat Istrian littoral and the rocky boundaries of Dalmatia, past Greece, through the Straits of Messina to Naples and its wonderful bay, and on to Gibraltar—by night a dark shadow, ringed by flickering lights, gold, red, and green in the blackness. Then on to New York, and the varied interests of the New World. Undoubtedly, people who wish to enjoy sea travel in conditions of exceptional enjoyment will find that these modern



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BALL-ROOM AFLOAT: ONE OF THE MARVELS OF MODERN STEAMSHIP CONSTRUCTION IS THIS WONDERFUL BALL-ROOM ON BOARD M.S. "SATURNIA," OF THE COSULICH LINE.

by every adverse condition of the weather, the dreadful monotony of endless weeks on the water with nothing to do was scarcely a tempting prospect. Yet, though there were comparatively few travellers, their numbers increased year by year until those sailing-ships became the real pioneers of ocean cruising.

The rise of the Cosulich line, whose liners are to-day amongst the most luxurious of the world, dates back to this period of intrepid sailing-ships. The first of their boats, the *Fides*, only 650 tons, was built at Cherso Bay for Captain Antonio Felice Cosulich in 1857. Three more sailing-vessels were bought in 1890, and a year later a steamer was added to the fleet. In 1903 the present Joint Stock Company was established, and by 1913 the fleet, engaged in regular passenger and freight services to North and South America, numbered 29 Transatlantic ships,



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOTORISTS are so accustomed to the artillery and wire wheels supplied on the standard makes of motor-vehicles that they seldom pay any heed to changes in the construction of this component of the car. One of the striking features of many of the 1931 cars is the new Dunlop wire wheel. Its outward characteristic is the large hub—or, rather, the hub having a large centre disc, finished in chromium plating or other style, and totally enclosing all the security bolts. This plated cover keeps the nuts and bolts protected from mud and water, so that they do not get rusted up and difficult to tackle when the wheel is required to be moved. Known as the Dunlop Magna wire wheel, it has been produced to follow present-day fashion in car design, which asks for a wheel with a large centre, short spokes, and a general sturdiness in appearance. This wheel certainly has these characteristics, as can be seen on inspecting those on the new 1931 Humber and Singer cars, for example.

It is of the bolt-on type, with the actual centre portion, or hub, a one-piece pressing of considerable cleverness. Its design allows no loose parts to develop rattle or to rust. The cover plate (of the hub and bolts) is held in position by spring-loaded balls. To take off the cover to get at the nuts of the bolts when removing a wheel, one has only to slip a coin under the edge of the cover-plate and lever it off. This is a simple and instantaneous operation. An excellent feature of the hub construction is that it provides special strength at the points where the spokes are anchored to the hub. Also, the seating for the wheel-nuts is pressed up in such a way that maximum strength is provided. The width of the centre-pressing is arranged to give a wide spread to the base of the spoking, thus providing great lateral strength. I am afraid this may be rather dull reading, but I wish to dispel any question of doubt as to the excellence of the new type of construction, which is always liable—the doubt I mean—to be in folks' minds when a change is made in a detail that has given perfect satisfaction for many years.

Tarred Roads ; Sprayed Cars. The Royal Automobile Club recently sent me a statement, based upon representations from county surveyors, as to the difficulties experienced while tar-spraying operations are in progress. The complaint

is made that cars travel too fast when at normal speeds over loose chippings on wet tar. This pace is not only detrimental to the surface of the road, but flings the chippings to the side and on to passing cars. My own experience is that the chauffeur-driven private car and motor-omnibus or coach driver are mostly to blame for travelling too fast over newly-tarred road surfaces. Owner-drivers are usually more careful and particular in preventing, if possible, any damage to the paintwork of their vehicles by tar thrown up by the wheels. Consequently, they usually drive at a walking-pace. I sympathise with the public-service driver, who has a schedule to keep up or lose his job ; but I do think that, while tarring operations are in progress, the schedule should be amended. Also, county surveyors can usually arrange for an alternative route for half the traffic, so as to close roads entirely one side of the way, until the tarring is finished and dry. If this could always be arranged, motorists would not complain of loose chippings being thrown into their faces by other cars, nor would the roads themselves be damaged.

Maserati Cars Win Monza Race.

I am very glad to learn that the 2½-litre Maserati car, similar to that driven by Achille Varzi when winning the Grand Prix of Monza recently, will take part in the 500-miles race at Brooklands on Oct. 4. Giulio Ramponi and E. Fronteras are to be its drivers on this occasion. So far, the motor-racing "fans" in England have had no opportunity to inspect these Maserati cars built in Italy. Also the 500-miles race organised by the British Motor-Racing Drivers' Club (with Earl Howe at their head) always provides a thrilling and exciting finish to the British motor-racing season. As for the Grand Prix motor-race, run on the Monza track course near Milan, the result was an overwhelming victory for Maserati cars, which finished first, second, third, and fifth. Achille Varzi won the event on a 2½-litre Maserati, covering the thirty-five laps (149½ miles) in 1 hr. 35 min. 44 sec., equal to an average speed of 93½ miles per hour. Arcangeli, also on a Maserati, finished only one second behind the winner, with E. Maserati, driving a sixteen-cylinder model of his own make, third (1 hr. 36 min. 11 sec.), Minozzi, on a Bugatti, fourth (1 hr. 39 min. 23 sec.), and Fagioli, on a Maserati, fifth (1 hr. 39 min. 24 sec.). The time figures tell the story of how great the excitement must have been, with all cars in the first five places

with only seconds dividing them. Caracciola, on the Mercedes-Benz, was sixth (1 hr. 42 min. 59 sec.).

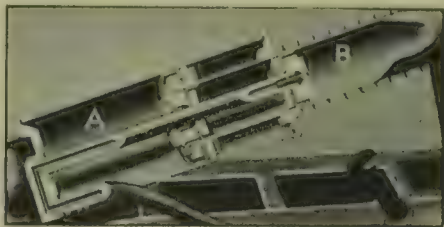
Compound Springs, Double Steering.

Among the cars which have distinctive features of their own is the Farman. It is interesting to English folk because the two brothers Henry and Maurice Farman were British-born, but became naturalised Frenchmen, and for the compound springing and double steering on the car. These high-class Farman carriages will be shown at the Salon d'Automobile at the Grand Palais in Paris, but not at Olympia. The springing consists of a transverse main spring and two cantilever springs at the front. The latter are so designed that normally only the main leaf of the spring carries any load. The remaining leaves do not come into contact with the master-leaf. The front axle, instead of being attached to the frame merely by the springs, is held to the chassis on the right and left by two independent torque rods. It is claimed for this arrangement that it not only provides another factor of safety in case of a main spring leaf-breakage, but increases the stability of the car and the castor effect of the axle when braking. The rear springs are the ordinary long full cantilever type, combined with an anti-rolling stabiliser on the rear axle. Each front wheel has its separate steering-gear. Bevel gearing at the foot of the steering-column operates a cross-shaft, from the ends of which short, universally jointed cardan shafts transmit the movement of the steering-wheel to separate gears on each steering-head of the two front wheels.

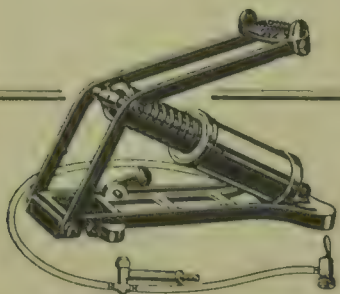
New Wolseley Six-Cylinders.

Last season I had a most pleasurable run in the 21-60-h.p. Wolseley, with its stout chassis that successfully carried the Prince of Wales in his hunting expedition in East Africa. Seven of these cars were with him then, and all stood up to their job. Consequently, I was not surprised that for 1931 this model had had only a few minor alterations. Thus the Autovac tank is slightly larger, to provide an increased head of fuel to the carburetter, which is useful on long up-hill climbs. Another detail adjustment to the latest models of this carriage is that the steering connections are now all encased in moulded rubber housings. These are packed with grease when the car leaves the factory, and keep the joints, bushings, etc., of the steering-gear proof against the ingress of water. The springing has also received as an addition

[Continued overleaf.]



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(Continued.)

Luvax shock-absorbers, to give a better damping effect. I liked this overhead-valve six-cylinder (2,677 c.c.) engine, as it has plenty of pulling power at low speeds on top gear. Also the brakes are excellent, as one can pull the car up with a full load at fifty miles an hour in 100 feet. One used to take 100 yards in early days to stop at that speed, which shows how the decelerating control has kept up with the power of increased speed of present-day cars. Lockheed hydraulic brakes are fitted on this Wolseley, which is priced at only £450 for the well-built saloon. Of course, if that is more cash than the would-be buyer wishes to pay, there is the six-cylinder Viper, costing £299—a jolly and cheap car to buy and run—for its coachbuilt saloon. The fabric saloon costs only £285. The 16-h.p. engine has a nice turn of speed and acceleration. This pulls well on top gear, and is easy to change gear on also. The third Wolseley six-cylinder included in the 1931 range of cars is the small Hornet, rated at 12 h.p., and costing £185 for the fabric saloon, to which can be added a "sunshine" roof for £2 10s. if required. This is a small car with a very powerful engine, so it is quite fast on the road.

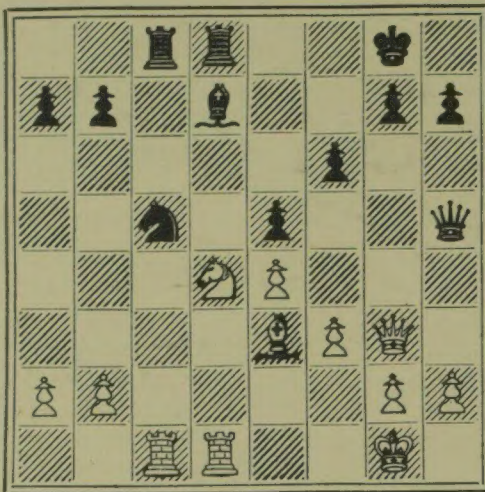
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(Driffield), H Richards (Hove), and Julio Mond (Seville); No. XLIX from F N Braund (Ware), J Barry Brown (Naas), M Heath (London), L W Cafferata (Newark), David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), Julio Mond (Seville), and H Richards (Hove).

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White to play and win.

We have now published fifty Game Problems, and proudly possess the same number of approving letters from our solvers, many of whom express an emphatic preference for these prose brilliancies over the poetical but artificial beauties of the ordinary "problem." We therefore start the second fifty with some confidence, and a position from a Congress game. White won the game (it was the only game he did win) by means of 1. KtK2, followed by BxKt; but he overlooked a stroke which would have given him a decisive advantage in material in three moves. You have more time than he had to discover the coup, and we shall hope for a good crop of correct solutions to start our second half-century.

A GREAT DISCOVERY OF ROMAN GLASS.

(Continued from Page 588.)

We are conveyed to quite another period by objects belonging to the sixth century A.D. which have been discovered in a Frankish cemetery. The glasses exhibit simple forms in comparison with the Roman. They are almost exclusively vessels for drinking. Of particularly significant forms are articles of adornment with linear ornamentations, which cover and relieve the entire surfaces, and with alternation of bright gold and silver with dark niello. They present a joyous array of colour, with many-hued glittering stones and lively filigree ornaments.

The investigations so far have only been able to cover a small portion of the cemetery site. Enormous areas are still untouched, and lie concealed beneath modern houses, mostly at such a depth that it is to be hoped the majority of the graves may still be found intact. The feature which imparts particular value to the discoveries is that, in most cases, it is not a question of imported goods, but of things which were produced here on the spot in Cologne. This is true, above all, of the numerous examples of glass which complete the existing stock of the Roman Department of the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in the happiest way. This glass emanates from those great manufactures which, in their day—that is to say, in the third and fourth century of the present era—excelled everything, even the products of the Southern Mediterranean countries, and were at that time exported afar, particularly to Northern countries. From this point of view, the recent discoveries furnish quite new suggestions, and permit of conclusions which are not only of importance regarding the history of civilisation, but throw an entirely new light on the trade relations possessed by Roman Cologne, as being no doubt the greatest city of that time in the North.

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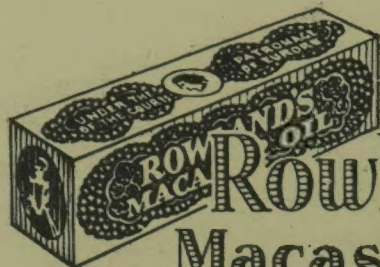
Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the

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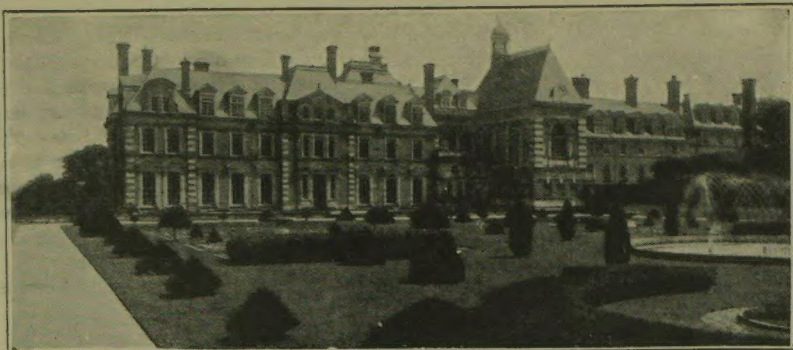
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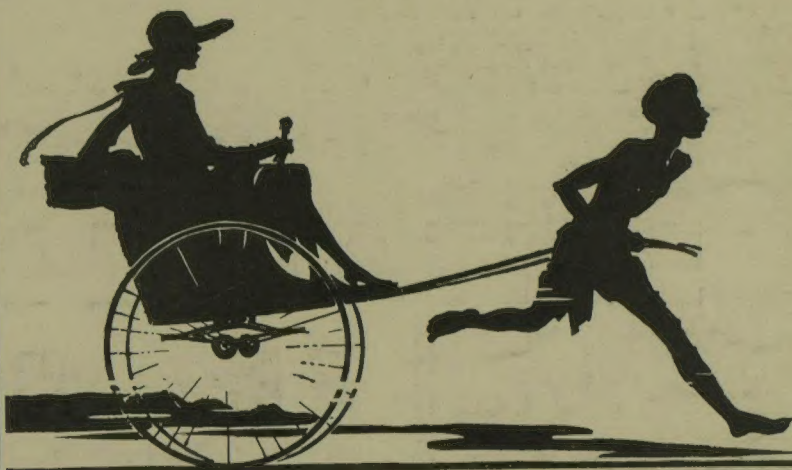
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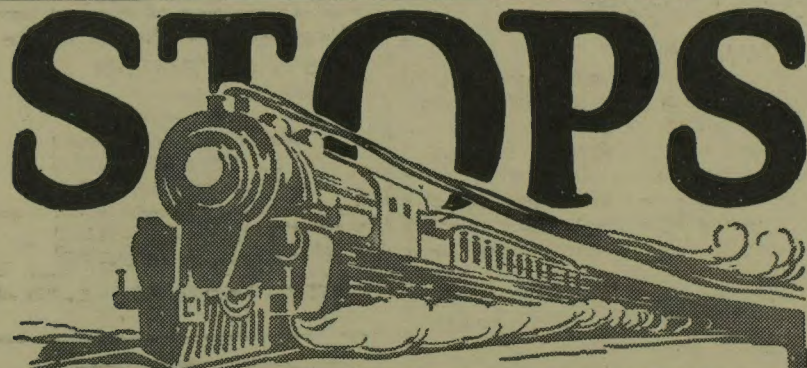
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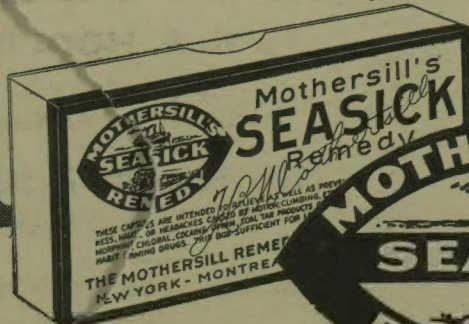
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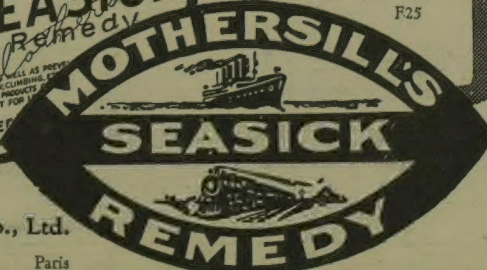
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